

THE
CHARMS
OF
CHEARFULNESS.

An Elegant and Polite

SELECTION

OF

ENGLISH and SCOTCH

SONGS.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOLUME the SECOND.

L O N D O N :

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M.DCC,XCI.



T H E
T E A - T A B L E
M I S C E L L A N Y :

V O L. II.

*When we behold her angel face,
Or when she sings with heavenly grace,
In what we hear and what we see,
How ravishing's the harmony !
No charms like Celia's voice surprise,
Except the music of her eye.* LANDSDOWN.

S O N G I.

A Nymph of the plain,
By a jolly young swain,
By a jolly young swain,
Was address'd to be kind :
But relentless I find
To his prayers she appear'd,
'Tho' himself he endear'd,
In a manner so soft, so engaging and sweet,
As soon might persuade her his passion to meet.

How much he ador'd her,
How oft he implor'd her,
How oft he implor'd her,
I cannot express ;
But he lov'd to excess,
And swore he would die,
If she would not comply,
In a manner so soft, so engaging and sweet,
As soon might persuade her his passion to meet.

VOL. II.

A

While blushes like roses,
 Which nature composes,
 Which nature composes,
 Vermilion'd her face,
 With an ardour and grace,
 Which her lover improv'd,
 When he found he had mov'd,
 In a manner so soft, so engaging and sweet,
 As soon might persuade her his passion to meet.

When wak'd from the joy,
 Which their souls did employ,
 Which their souls did employ,
 From her ruby warm lips,
 Thousand odours he sips,
 At the sight of her eyes
 He faints and he dies,
 In a manner so soft, so engaging and sweet;
 As soon might persuade her his passion to meet.

But how they shall part,
 Now becomes all the smart,
 Now becomes all the smart,
 Till he vow'd to his fair,
 That to ease his own care,
 He would meet her again,
 And 'till then be in pain,
 In a manner so soft, so engaging and sweet,
 As soon might persuade her his passion to meet.

S O N G II.

SEND home my long stray'd eyes to me,
 Which ah! too long have dwelt on thee;
 But if from thee they've learn'd such ill,
 To sweetly smile,
 And then beguile,
 Keep the deceivers, keep them still.
 Send home my harmless heart again,
 Which no unworthy thought cou'd stain;

Sure it is not in her nature,
 To be cruel to her slave ;
 She is too divine a creature
 To destroy what she can save.
 Happy's he whose inclination
 Warms but with a gentle heat :
 Never mounts to raging passion,
 Love's a torment if too great.
 When the storm is once blown over,
 Soon the ocean quiet grows ;
 But a constant faithful lover
 Seldom meets with true repose.

S O N G VI.

MY days have been so wond'rous free,
 The little birds that fly,
 With careless ease from tree to tree,
 Were but as blest as I.

Ask gliding waters, if a tear
 Of mine increas'd their stream :
 Or ask the flying gales, if e'er
 I lent a sigh to them.

But now my former days retire,
 And I'm by beauty caught :
 The tender chains of sweet desire
 Are fixt upon my thought.

An eager hope within my breast
 Does every doubt controul :
 And lovely *Nansy* stands confess
 The favourite of my soul.

Ye nightingales, ye twisting pines,
 Ye swains that haunt the grove,
 Ye gentle echoes, breezy winds,
 Ye close retreats of love ;

With all of nature, all of art,
 Assist the dear design,
 O teach a young unpractis'd heart,
 To make her ever mine.

The very thought of change I hate,
 As much as of despair,
 And hardly covet to be great,
 Unless it be for her.

'Tis true the passion in my mind
 Is mixt with soft distress:
 Yet while the fair I love is kind,
 I cannot wish it less.

S O N G VII.

ALL in the *Docks* the fleet was moor'd,
 The fireamers waving in the wind,
 When black eyed *Susan* came on board;
 Oh! where shall I my true love find?
 Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,
 If my sweet *William* sails among the crew.
William, who high upon the yard,
 Rock'd with the billows to and fro:
 Soon as her well known voice he heard,
 He sigh'd, and cast his eyes below:
 The cord slides gently through his glowing hands,
 And quick as lightening on the deck he stands.
 So the sweet lark, high pois'd in air,
 Shuts close his pinions to his breast,
 (If chance his mate's shrill voice he hear)
 And drops at once into her nest:
 The noblest captain in the *British* fleet
 Might envy *William's* lips those kisses sweet.
 O *Susan*, *Susan*, lovely dear!
 My vows shall ever true remain,
 Let me kiss off that falling tear,
 We only part to meet again;
 Change as ye list, ye winds, my heart shall be
 The faithful compass that still points at thee.
 Believe not what the landmen say,
 Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind;
 They'll tell the sailors when away,
 In ev'ry port a mistress find:

Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,
For thou art present wheresoe'er I go:

If to fair *India's* coast we sail,
Thy eyes are seen in diamond's bright,
Thy breath is *Africa's* spicy gale,
Thy skin is ivory so white;
Thus every beauteous object that I view,
Wakes in my soul some charms of lovely *Sus*.

Though battles call me from thy arms,
Let not my pretty *Susan* mourn,
Though cannons roar, yet safe from harms
William shall to his dear return.
Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
Lest precious tears should drop from *Susan's* eye.

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,
The sails their swelling bosom spread,
No longer must she stay aboard;
They kiss'd; she sigh'd; he hung his head:
Her lessening boat unwilling rows to land,
Adieu, she cries; and wav'd her lily hand.



S O N G VIII.

SWEET are the charms of her I love,
More fragrant than the damask rose,
Soft as the down of turtle-dove,
Gentle as winds when *Zephyr* blows,
Refreshing, as descending rains
To sun-burnt climes and thirsty plains.

True as the needle to the pole,
Or as the dial to the sun,
Constant as gliding waters roll,
Whose swelling tides obey the moon;
From every other charmer free,
My life and love shall follow thee.

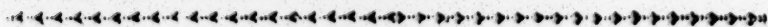
'The lamb the flowery thyme devours,
 The dam the tender kid pursues,
 Sweet *Philomel*, in shady bowers
 Of verdant spring, her note renews ;
 All follow what they most admire,
 As I pursue my soul's desire.

Nature must change her beauteous face,
 And vary as the seasons rise ;
 As winter to the spring gives place,
 Summer th' approach of Autumn flies :
 No change on love the seasons bring,
 Love only knows perpetual spring.

Devouring time, with stealing pace,
 Makes lofty oaks and cedars bow ;
 And marble towers and walls of brass
 In his rude march he levels low :
 But time, destroying far and wide,
 Love from the soul can ne'er divide.

Death only with his cruel dart
 The gentle Godhead can remove,
 And drive him from the bleeding heart
 To mingle with the blest above,
 Where known to all his kindred train,
 He finds a lasting rest from pain.

Love and his sister fair the soul,
 Twin born from heaven together came :
 Love will the universe controul,
 When dying seasons lose their name ;
 Divine abodes shall own his power,
 When time and death shall be no more.



S O N G IX.

FAIR *Iris* and her swain
 Were in a shady bower,
 Where *Thirsis* long in vain
 Had sought the happy hour.

At length, his hand advancing
 Upon her snowy breast,
 He said, O! kiss me longer,
 Longer yet and longer,
 If you would make me blest.

I R I S.

An easy yielding maid
 By trusting is undone,
 Our sex is oft betray'd
 By granting love too soon;
 If you desire to gain me,
 Your sufferings to redress,
 Prepare to love me longer,
 Longer yet and longer,
 Before you shall possess.

T H I R S I S. -

The little care you show,
 Of all my sorrows past,
 Makes death appear too slow,
 And life too long to last;
 Oh, *Iris*! kiss me kindly,
 In pity of my fate,
 Fair *Iris*, kiss me kindly,
 Kindly still and kindly,
 Before it be too late.

I R I S.

You fondly court your bliss,
 And no advances make;
 'Tis not for maids to kiss,
 But 'tis for men to take:
 So you may kiss me kindly,
 And I will not rebel,
Thirsis may kiss me kindly,
 Kindly still and kindly;
 But never kiss and tell.

A L T E R N A T I V E. -

And may I kiss you kindly?
Yes you may kiss me kindly.
 And kindly still and kindly?
And kindly still and kindly.

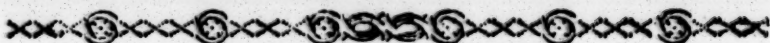
And will you not rebel?

And I will not rebel.

Then, love, I'll kiss thee kindly,

Kindly still and kindly,

But never kiss and tell.



S O N G X.

AH! bright *Belinda*, hither fly,
And such a light discover,
As may the absent sun supply,
And cheer the drooping lover.

Arise, my day, with speed arise,

And all my sorrows banish:

Before the sun of thy bright eyes,

All gloomy terrors vanish.

No longer let me sigh in vain,

And curse the hoarded treasure:

Why should you love to give us pain,

When you were made for pleasure?

The petty powers of hell destroy;

To save's the pride of heaven:

To you the first, if you prove coy;

If kind, the last is given.

The choice then sure's not hard to make,

Betwixt a good and evil:

Which title had you rather take,

My Goddess, or, my Devil?



S O N G XI.

FIE! *Liza*, scorn the little arts,
Which meaner beauties use,
Who think they ne'er secure our hearts,
Unless they still refuse;

Are coy and shy; will seem to frown,
 To raise our passion higher;
 But when the poor delight is known,
 It quickly palls desire.

Come let's not trifle time away,
 Or stop you know not why;
 Your blushes and your eyes betray
 What death you mean to die!
 Let all your maiden fears be gone,
 And love no more be crost:
 Ah! *Liza*, when the joys are known,
 You'll curse the minutes past.

S O N G XII.

BE wary, my *Celia*, when *Celadon* sues,
 These *wits* are the bane of your charms:
 Beauty, play'd against reason, will certainly lose,
 Warring naked with robbers in arms.

Young *Damon* despis'd for his plainness of parts,
 Has worth that a woman would prize;
 He'll run the race *out*, though he heavily starts,
 And *distance* the short-winded *wife*.

Your *fool* is a saint in the temple of love,
 And kneels all his life there to pray;
 Your *wit* but looks in, and makes haste to remove,
 'Tis a stage he but takes in his way.

S O N G XIII.

STELLA and *Flavia* every hour,
 Do various hearts surprise;
 In *Stella's* soul lies all her power,
 And *Flavia's* in her eyes.

More boundless *Flavia's* conquests are,
 And *Stella's* more confin'd:
 All can discern a face that's fair,
 But few a lovely mind.

Stella, like *Britain's* monarch, reigns
O'er cultivated lands ;
Like eastern tyrants, *Flavia* deigns
To rule o'er barren sands.

Then boast, fair *Flavia*, boast thy face,
Thy beauty's only store :
Thy charms will every day decrease,
Each day gives *Stella* more.

S O N G XIV.

OF all the girls that are so smart,
There's none like pretty *Sally*;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.
There is no lady in the land
Is half so sweet as *Sally* ;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

Her father he makes cabbage nets,
And through the streets does cry 'em
Her mother she sells laces long,
To such as please to buy 'em :
But sure such folks cou'd ne'er beget
So sweet a girl as *Sally* ;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

When she is by, I leave my work,
I love her so sincerely ;
My master comes like any *Turk*,
And bangs me most severely :
But let him bang his belly full,
I'll bear it all for *Sally* ;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

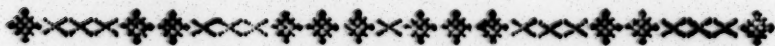
Of all the days are in the week,
I dearly love but one day,

And that's the day that comes betwixt
 The *Saturday* and *Monday*,
 For then I'm drest in all my best,
 To walk abroad with *Sally*,
 She is the darling of my heart,
 And she lives in our alley.

My master carries me to church,
 And often am I blamed,
 Because I leave him in the lurch,
 As soon as text is named :
 I leave the church in sermon-time,
 And slink away with *Sally* ;
 She is the darling of my heart,
 And she lives in our alley.

When *Christmas* comes about again,
 O! then I shall have money ;
 I'll hoard it up and box it all,
 And give it to my honey :
 And wou'd it were ten thousand pound,
 I'd give it all to *Sally* ;
 She is the darling of my heart,
 And she lives in our alley.

My master and the neighbours all,
 Make game of me and *Sally*,
 And (but for her) I'd better be
 A slave and row a galley ;
 But when my seven long years are out,
 O! then I'll marry *Sally*,
 O! then we'll wed, and then we'll bed,
 But ay not in our alley.



S O N G X V.

WOULD you have a young virgin of fifteen years?
 You must tickle her fancy with sweet and dears,
 Ever toying and playing, and sweetly sweetly
 Sing a love-sonnet, and charm her ears ;

Wittily, prettily talk her down,
 Chace her, and praise her if fair or brown;
 Sooth her and smoothe her,
 And tease her and please her,
 And touch but her finicket, and all's your own.

Do ye fancy a widow, well known in men?
 With the front of assurance come boldly on;
 Be at her each moment, and briskly briskly
 Put her in mind, how her time steals on:
 Rattle and prattle altho' the frown,
 Rouse her and rouse her from morn till noon,
 And shew her some hour
 You are able to grapple,
 And get but her writings, and all's your own.

Do ye fancy a punk of a humour free,
 That's kept by a fumbler of quality?
 You must rail at her keeper, and tell her, tell her,
 That pleasure's best charm is variety;
 Swear her much fairer than all the town,
 Try her and ply her when *Cully's* gone,
 Dog her and jog her,
 And meet her and treat her,
 And kiss with a guinea, and all's your own.

S O N G XVI.

S H E

O H love! if a God thou wilt be,
 Do justice in favour of me;
 For yonder approaching I see,
 A man with a beard,
 Who, as I have heard,
 Hath often undone
 Poor maids that have none,
 With sighing and toying
 And crying and lying,
 And such kind of foolery.

H^E.

Fair maid, by your leave,
 My heart does receive
 Strange pleasure to meet you here :
 Pray tremble not so,
 Nor offer to go,
 I'll do you no harm I swear,
 I'll do you no harm I swear.

S^HE.

My mother is spinning at home,
 My father works hard at the loom,
 And we are a milking come ;,
 Their dinner they want ;
 Then pray ye, Sir, don't
 Make more ado on't,
 Nor give us affront ;
 We're none of the town
 Will ly down for a crown,
 Then away, Sir, and give us room.

H^E.

By *Phœbus* and *Jove*,
 By honour and love,
 I'll do thee, dear sweet, no harm ;
 Ye're as fresh as a rose,
 I want one of these ;
 Ah ! how such a wife would charm,
 Ah ! how such a wife would charm.

S^HE.

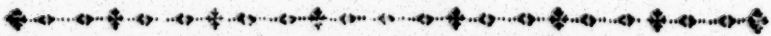
And can you then like the old rule,
 Be conjugal, honest and dull,
 And marry, and look like a fool ?
 For I must be plain,
 All tricks are in vain ;
 There's nothing can gain
 What you would obtain,
 Like moving and proving,
 By wedding, true loving,
 My lesson learnt at school.

H E.

I'll do't by this hand,
 I've houses and land,
 Estate too in good free-hold ;
 My dear, let us join,
 It all shall be thine,
 Besides a good purse of gold,
 Besides a good purse of gold.

S H E.

You make me to blush now, I vow,
 Ah me ! shall I baulk my cow ?
 But since the late oath you have sworn,
 Your soul shall not be
 In danger for me ;
 I'll rather agree
 Of two to make three :
 We'll wed, and we'll bed,
 There's no more to be said
 And I'll ne'er go a milking more.



S O N G XVII.

MAIDEN, fresh as a rose,
 Young, buxom, and full of jollity,
 Take no spouse among beaux,
 Fond of their raking quality ;
 He who wears a long bush,
 All powder'd down from his pericrane,
 And with nose full of snuth,
 Snuffles out love in a merry vein.

Who, to dames of high place,
 Does prattle like any parrot too ;
 Yet with doxies a brace
 At night pigs in a garret too ;
 Patrimony out-run,
 To make a fine show to carry thee :
 Plainly, friend, thou'rt undone,
 If such a creature marry thee.

Then for fear of a bribe,
Of flatt'ring noise and vanity,
Yoak a lad of our tribe,
He'll shew the best humanity :
Flasby thou wilt find love,
In civil as well as secular ;
But when the spirit doth move,
We have a gift particular.

Though our graveness is pride,
That booby's the more may venerate,
He who gets a good bride,
Can jump when he's to generate ;
Off then goes the disguise,
To bed in his arms he'll carry thee ;
Then to be happy and wife,
Take yea and nay to marry thee.

S O N G XVIII.

LAST Sunday at St. James's pray'rs,
The prince and princess by,
I, dress'd all in my whale-bone airs,
Sat in a closet nigh.

I bow'd my knees, I held my book,
Read all the answers o'er ;
But was perverted by a look,
Which pierc'd me from the door.

High thoughts of heaven I came to use,
With the devoutest care ;
Which gay young *Strepson* made me lose,
And all the raptures there.

He wait to hand me to my chair,
And bow'd with courtly grace ;
But whisper'd love into mine ear,
Too warm for that grave place.

Love, love, said he, by all ador'd,
My tender heart has won :
But I grew peevish at the word,
Desir'd he might be gone.

Or that her fond heart would not grieve,
 To forsake the fine folk of the town?
 To think that a beauty so gay,
 So kind and so constant would prove;
 Or go clad like our maidens in grey,
 Or live in a cottage on love?

What though I have skill to complain,
 Tho' the muses my temples have crown'd,
 What tho', when they hear my soft strains,
 The virgins sit weeping around?
 Ah *Colin*! thy hopes are in vain,
 Thy pipe and thy laurel resign,
 Thy fair one inclines to a swain,
 Whose music is sweeter than thine.

All you, my companions so dear,
 Who sorrow to see me betray'd,
 Whatever I suffer, forbear,
 Forbear to accuse the false maid.
 Tho' thro' the wide world I shou'd range;
 'Tis in vain from my fortune to fly;
 'Twas her's to be false and to change,
 'Tis mine to be constant and die.

If while my hard fate I sustain,
 In her breast any pity is found,
 Let her come with the nymphs of the plain,
 And see me laid low in the ground:
 The last humble boon that I crave,
 Is to shade me with cypress and yew;
 And when she looks down on my grave,
 Let her own that her shepherd was true.

Then to her new love let her go,
 And deck her in golden array;
 Be finest at every fine show,
 And frolic it all the long day:
 While *Colin*, forgotten and gone,
 No more shall be talk'd of or seen,
 Unless when beneath the pale moon,
 His ghost shall glide over the green--

S O N G XXI.

TWAS when the seas were roaring,
 With hollow blasts of wind,
 A damsel lay deploring,
 All on a rock reclin'd.
 Wide o'er the roaring billows,
 She cast a wishful look:
 Her head was crown'd with willows,
 That trembled o'er the brook.
 Twelve months were gone and over,
 And nine long tedious days:
 Why didst thou, vent'rous lover,
 Why didst thou trust the seas?
 Cease, cease then, cruel ocean,
 And let my lover rest:
 Ah! what's that troubled motion,
 To that within my breast?
 The merchant robb'd of treasure,
 Views tempests in despair;
 But what's the loss of treasure,
 To losing of my dear!
 Shou'd you some coast be laid on,
 Where gold and diamonds grow,
 You'd find a richer maiden,
 But none that loves you so.
 How can you say that nature
 Has nothing made in vain?
 Why then beneath the water
 Do hideous rocks remain?
 No eye these rocks discover,
 That lurk beneath the deep,
 To wreck the wandering lover,
 And leave the maid to weep.
 All melancholy lying,
 Thus wail'd she for her dear,
 Repay'd each blast with sighing,
 Each billow with a tear:

When o'er the white waves flooping,
 His floating corps she spy'd ;
 Then like a lily drooping,
 She bow'd her head, and dy'd.

S O N G XXII.

R E M E M B E R, *Damon*, you did tell,
 In chastity you lov'd me well ;
 But now, alas ! I am undone,
 And here am left to make my moan :
 To doleful shades I will remove,
 Since I'm despis'd by him I love,
 Where poor forsaken nymphs are seen,
 In lonely walks of willow green.

Upon my dear's deluding tongue,
 Such soft persuasive language hung,
 That when his words had silence broke,
 You wou'd have thought an angel spoke. --
 Too happy nymph, whoe'er she be,
 That now enjoys my charming he ;
 For oh ! I fear it to my cost,
 She's found the heart that I have lost.

Beneath the fairest flower on earth,
 A snake may hide, or take its birth ;
 So his false breast, conceal it did
 His heart, the snake that there lay hid.
 'Tis false to say, we happy are,
 Since men delight thus to ensnare ;
 In man no woman can be blest,
 Their vows are wind, their love a jest.

Ye Gods, in pity to my grief,
 Send me my *Damon*, or relief ;
 Return the wild delicious boy,
 Whom once I thought my spring of joy :
 But whilst I'm begging of this bliss,
 Methinks I hear you answer thus,
When Damon has enjoy'd, he flies,
Who sees him, loves ; who loves him, dies.

S O N G XXIV.

ALEXIS shun'd his fellow swains,
 Their rural sports and jocund strains,
 (Heaven guard us all from *Cupid's* bow;)
 He lost his crook, he left his flocks,
 And wand'ring thro' the lonely rocks,
 He nourish'd endless woe.

The nymphs and shepherds round him came,
 His grief some pity, others blame;
 The fatal cause all kindly seek:
 He mingled his concern with theirs,
 He gave them back their friendly tears,
 He sigh'd; but could not speak.

Clarinda came among the rest,
 And she too, kind concern express'd,
 And ask'd the reason of his woe;
 She ask'd; but with an air and mein,
 As made it easily foreseen,
 She fear'd too much to know.

The shepherd rais'd his mournful head,
 And will you pardon me, he said,
 While I the cruel truth reveal;
 Which nothing from my breast should tear.
 Which never should offend your ear,
 But that you bid me tell?

'Tis thus I rove, 'tis thus complain,
 Since you appear'd upon the plain;
 You are the cause of all my care:
 Your eyes ten thousand dangers dart;
 Ten thousand torments vex my heart;
 I love, and I despair.

Too much, *Alexis*, I have heard,
 'Tis what I thought, 'tis what I fear'd;
 And yet I pardon you, she cry'd;
 But you shall promise, ne'er again
 To breathe your vows, or speak your pain.
 He bow'd, obey'd, and dy'd.

S O N G XXV.

WHY so pale and wan, fond lover?
 Prithee, why so pale?

Will, when looking well can't move her,
 Looking ill prevail?
 Prithee, why so pale?

Why so dull and mute, young sinner?
 Prithee, why so mute?

Will, when speaking well can't win her,
 Saying nothing do't?
 Prithee, why so mute?

Quit, quit for shame; this will not move,
 This cannot take her;
 If of herself she will not love,
 Nothing can make her:
 The devil take her.



S O N G XXVI.

MY friend and I,
 We drank whole pils pots
 Full of sack up to the brim:

I drank to my friend,
 And he drank his pot,
 So we put about the whim:

Three bottles and a quart
 We swallow'd down our throat,
 (But hang such puny sips as these:)

We laid us all along,
 With our mouths unto the bung,
 And tipt whole hogheads off with ease.

I heard of a fop
 That drank whole tankards,
 Styl'd himself the prince of fots:

But I say now, hang
 Such silly drunkards,
 Melt their flagons, break their pots.

My friend and I did join
For a cellar full of wine.

And we drank the vintner out of door ;
We drank it all up
In a morning, at a sup,
And greedily rov'd about for more.

My friend to me
Did make this motion,
Let us to the vintage skip :

Then we embark'd
Upon the ocean,
Where we found a *Spanish* ship
Deep laden with wine,
Which was superfine,
The sailors swore five hundred tun ;
We drank it all at sea,
E're we came unto the key,
And the merchant swore he was quite undone.

My friend, not having
Quench'd his thirst,
Said, Let's to the vineyards haste :

Straight then we sail'd
To the *Canaries*,
Which afforded just a taste ;
From thence unto the *Rhine*,
Where we drank up all the wine,
Till *Bacchus* cry'd, Hold ye sots, or you die,
And swore he never found,
In his universal round,

Such thirsty souls as my friend and I.

Out fie ! cries one,
What a beast he makes him,
He can neither stand nor go :

Out you beast, you,
You're much mistaken,
When e'er knew you a beast drink so ?
'Tis when we drink the least,
That we drink most like a beast :
But when we carouse it fix in hand

'Tis then, and only then,
That we drink the most like men.
When we drink till we can neither go nor stand.

S O N G XXVII.

LET soldiers fight for prey or praise,
And money be the miser's wish,
Poor scholars study all their days,
And gluttons glory in their dith :
*'Tis wine, pure wine revives sad souls ;
Therefore fill us the chearing bowls.*

Let minions marshal every hair,
And in a lover's lock delight,
And artificial colours wear :
Pure wine is native red and white :
'Tis wine, &c.

The backward spirit it makes brave,
That lively which before was dull ;
Opens the heart that loves to save,
And kindness flows from cups brim-full :
'Tis wine, &c.

Some men want youth, and others health,
Some want a wife, and some a punk,
Some men want wit, and others wealth ;
But they want nothing that are drunk :
*'Tis wine, pure wine revives sad souls
Therefore give us the chearing bowls.*

S O N G XXVIII.

FAREWELL, my bonny, bonny, witty pretty *Maggy*;
And a' the rosy lasses milking on the Down :
Adieu the flow'ry meadows, aft sae dear to *Jocky*,
The sports and merry glee of *Edinborow* town :
Since *French* and *Spanish* louns stand at bay,
And valiant lads of *Britann* hold 'em play,
My reap-hook I maun cast quite away,
And fight too like a man,
Among 'em for our royal queen *Anne*.

Each carle of *Irish* mettle battles like a dragon :
 The *Germans* waddle, and straddle to the drum ;
 The *Italian* and the butter bowzy *Hogan Megan* :
 Good-faith then, *Scottish* *Jacky* mauna ly at hame :
 For since they are ganging to hunt renown,
 And swear they'il quickly ding auld *Monsieur* down,
 I'll follow for a pluck at his crown,
 To shew that *Scotland* can
 Excel 'em for our royal queen *Anne*.

Then welcome from *Vigo*,
 And cudgelling *Don Diego*,
 With strutting rascallions,
 And plundering the galleons :
 Each brisk valiant fellow
 Fought at *Rondendellow*,
 And those who did meet
 With the *Newfoundland* fleet ;
 When for late successes,
 Which *Europe* confesses,
 At land by our gallant commanders ;
 The *Dutch* in strong beer,
 Should be drunk for a year,
 With their general's health in *Flanders*.



S O N G XXIX.

THE ordnance aboard,
 Sach joys does afford,
 As no mortal, no mortal, no mortal,
 No mortal e'er more can desire :
 Each member repairs
 From the tower to the stairs,
 And by water *whush*, and by water *whush*,
 By water they all go to fire.

Of each piece that's a shore,
 They search from the bore ;
 And to proving, to proving, to proving,
 To proving they go in fair weather :

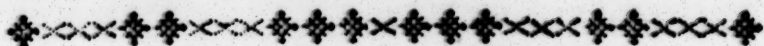
Their glasses are large,
 And whene'er they discharge,
 There's a *boo huzza*, a *boo huzza*, a *boo huzza*,
 Guns and bumpers go off together.

Old *Vulcan* for *Mars*,
 Fitted tools for his wars,
 To enable him, enable him, enable him,
 Enable him to conquer the faster :
 But *Mars* had he been
 Upon our *Woolwich* green,
 To have heard *boo huzza*, *boo huzza*, *boo huzza*,
 He'd have own'd great *Marlborough* his master.

S O N G XXX.

L E A V E off your foolish prating,
 Talk no more of *Whig* and *Tory*,
 But drink your glass,
 Round let it pass,
 The bottle stands before ye :
 Fill it up to the top,
 Let the night with mirth be crown'd,
 Drink about, see it out,
 Love and friendship still go round.
 If claret be a blessing,
 This night devote to pleasure ;
 Let worldly cares,
 And state affairs,
 Be thought on at more leisure ;
 Fill it up to the top,
 Let the night with joy be crown'd,
 Drink about, see it out,
 Love and friendship still go round.
 If any is so zealous,
 To be a party-minion,
 Let him drink like me,
 We'll soon agree,
 And be of one opinion :

Fill your glafs, name your lafs,
 See her health go sweetly round,
 Drink about, fee it out,
 Let the night with joy be crown'd.

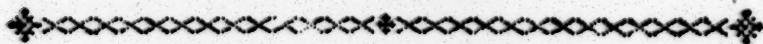


S O N G XXXI.

WE'LL drink, and we'll never have done, boys,
 Put the glafs then around with the fun, boys,
 Let *Appollo's* example invite us,
 For he's drunk every night,
 That makes him so bright,
 That he's able next morning to light us.

Drinking's a Christian diversion,
 Unknown to *Turk* and the *Persian* :

Let *Mahometan* fools
 Live by heathenish rules,
 And dream o'er their tea-pots and coffee;
 While the brave *Britons* sing,
 And drink healths to their *king*,
 And a fig for their *sultan* and *sophy*.



S O N G XXXII.

WHILE the lover is thinking,
 With my friend I'll be drinking,
 And with vigour pursue my delight;
 While the fool is designing,
 His fatal confining,
 With *Bacchus* I'll spend the whole night.

With the God I'll be jolly,
 Without madness and folly,
 Fickle woman to marry implore;
 Leave my bottle and friend,
 For so foolish an end!
 When I do, may I never drink more.

S O N G XXXIII.

CELIA, let not pride undo you,
 Love and life fly swiftly on;
 Let not *Damen* still pursue you,
 Still in vain, till love is gone:
 See how fair the blooming rose is,
 See by all how justly priz'd,
 But when it its beauty loses,
 See the wither'd thing despis'd.

When these charms that youth have lent you,
 Like the roses are decay'd,
Celia, you'll too late repent you,
 And be forc'd to die a maid!
 Die a maid! die a maid! die a maid!
Celia you'll too late repent you,
 And be forc'd to die a maid!



S O N G XXXIV.

I'LL range around the shady bowers,
 And gather all the sweetest flowers;
 I'll strip the garden and the grove,
 To make a garland for my love.

When in the sultry heat of day,
 My thirsty nymph does panting ly,
 I'll hasten to the fountain's brink,
 And drain the stream that she may drink.

At night, when she shall weary prove,
 A grassy bed I'll make my love,
 And with green boughs I'll form a shade,
 That nothing may her rest invade.

And whilst dissolv'd in sleep she lies,
 Myself shall never close those eyes;
 But gazing still with fond delight,
 I'll watch my charmer all the night.

And then, as soon as chearful day
 Dispels the gloomy shades away,
 Forth to the forest I'll repair,
 And find provision for my fair.

Thus will I spend the day and night,
 Still mixing pleasure with delight:
 Regarding nothing I endure,
 So I can ease for her procure.

But if the maid whom thus I love,
 Should e'er unkind and faithless prove,
 I'll seek some dismal distant shore,
 And never think of woman more.

S O N G XXXV.

THOUGH cruel you seem to my pain,
 And hate me because I am true;
 Yet, *Phyllis*, you love a false swain,
 Who has other nymphs in his view.
 Enjoyment's a trifle to him,
 To me what a heaven it would be?
 To him but a woman you seem,
 But ah! you're an angel to me:
 Those lips which he touches in haste,
 To them I for ever could grow,
 Still clinging around that dear waist,
 Which he spans as beside him you go;
 That arm, like a lily so white,
 Which over his shoulders you lay,
 My bosom could warm it all night,
 My lips they would press it all day.
 Were I like a monarch to reign,
 Were graces my subjects to be,
 I'd leave them, and fly to the plain,
 To dwell in a cottage with thee.
 But if I must feel thy disdain,
 If tears cannot cruelty drown,
 O! let me not live in this pain,
 But give me my death in a frown.

S O N G XXXVI.

FROM rosy bowers, where sleeps the god of love,
 Hither, ye little waiting *Cupids*, fly ;
 Teach me, in soft melodious song, to move
 With tender passion my heart's darling joy :
 Ah ! let the soul of music tune my voice,
 To win dear *Strephon*, who my soul enjoys.

Or if more influencing
 Is, to be brisk and airy,
 With a step and a bound,
 And a frisk from the ground,
 I'll trip like any fairy :
 As once on *Ila* dancing,
 Were three celestial bodies,
 With an air and a face,
 And a shape and a grace,
 Let me charm like beauty's goddesses.

Ah ! ah ! 'tis in vain, 'tis all in vain,
 Death and despair must end the fatal pain ;
 Cold despair, disguis'd like snow and rain,
 Falls on my breast ; black winds in tempests blow :
 My vains all shiver, and my fingers glow ;
 My pulse beats a dead march for lost repose,
 And to a solid lump of ice my poor fond heart is froze.

Or say, ye powers, my peace to crown,
 Shall I thaw myself, or drown
 Amongst the foaming billows,
 Increasing all with tears I shed ;
 On beds of *Ooze* and crystal pillows
 Lay down my love sick-head ?

No, no, I'll straight run mad,
 That soon my heart will warm ;
 When once the sense is fled,
 Love has no power to charm :
 Wild thro' the woods I'll fly,
 My robes and locks shall thus be tore ;
 A thousand thousand deaths I'll die,
 Ere thus in vain ! ere thus in vain adore.

S O N G XXXVII.

O H! lead me to some peaceful gloom,
Where none but fighting lovers come,
Where the shrill trumpets never found,
But one eternal hush goes round.

There let me sooth my pleasing pain,
And never think of war again ;
What glory can a lover have
To conquer, yet be still a slave ?

S O N G XXXVIII.

O H! lead me to some peaceful room,
Where none but honest fellows come,
Where wives loud clappers never found,
But an eternal laugh goes round.

There let me drown in wine my pain,
And never think of home again :
What comfort can a husband have,
To rule the house where he's a slave ?

S O N G XXXIX.

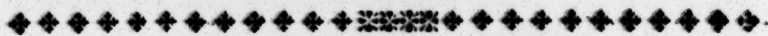
PIOUS *Selinda* goes to prayers,
If I but ask a favour ;
And yet the tender fool's in tears,
When she believes I'll leave her.

Would I were free from this restraint,
Or else had hopes to win her ;
Would she cou'd make of me a saint,
Or I of her a sinner.

S O N G XL.

SEE, see, she wakes, *Sabina* wakes,
And now the sun begins to rise ;
Less glorious is the morn that breaks
From his bright beams, than her fair eyes.

With light united, day they give ;
But different fates ere night fulfill :
How many by his warmth will live !
How many will her coldness kill !



S O N G X L L

YOUNG *Corydon* and *Phyllis*
Sat in a lovely grove,
Contriving crowns of lilies,
Repeating tales of love,
And something else, but what I dare not name.

But, as they were a playing,
She ogled so the fwain,
It fav'd her plainly saying,
Let's kifs to ease our pain, &c.

A thousand times he kiss'd her
Upon the flow'ry green:
But as he further prest her,
A pretty leg was seen, &c.

So many beauties viewing,
His ardour still increas'd ;
And, greater joys pursuing,
He wander'd o'er her breast, &c.

A last effort she trying,
His passion to withstand,
Cry'd, (but 'twas faintly crying)
Pray take away your hand, &c.

Young *Corydon* grown bolder,
The minutes wou'd improve ;
This is the time, he told her,
To shew how much I love, &c.

The nymph seem'd almost dying,
Dissolv'd in am'rous heat;
She kiss'd, and told him sighing,
My dear, your love is great, &c.

S H E.

My share will be but small, I fear,
When bold dragoons have been pickering there,
And the flea flints the *Germans* strip 'em bare.

H E.

Mind your spinning,
Mend your linen,
Look to your cheese, you,
Your pigs and your geese too.

S H E.

No, no, I'll ramble out with you.

H E.

Blood and fire, if you tire
Thus my patience,
With vexations and narrations,
Thumping, thumping, thumping,
Is the fatal word, *Joan*.

S H E

Do, do, I'm good at thumping too.

H E.

Morbleau! that huff shall never do.

S H E.

Come, come, *John*, let's burs and be friends,
Thus still, thus love's quarrel ends;
I my tongue sometimes let run,
But, alas! I soon have done.

H E.

'Tis well you're quash'd
You'd else been thrash'd,
Sure as my name is *John*.

S H E.

Yet fain I'd know for what
You're all so hot,
To go to fight where nothing's got.

H E.

Fortune will prove kind,
And we shall then grow great.

S H E.

Grow great!

And want both drink and meat,
And coin, unless the pamper'd *French* you beat:

Ah *John*! take care *John*!

And learn more wit.

H E.

Dare you prate still,
At this rate still,
And like a vermin,
Grudge my preferment.

S H E.

You'll beg, or get a wooden leg,

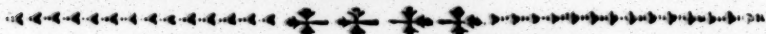
H E.

Nay, if bawling, catterwawling,
Tittle tattle, prittle prattle,
Still must rattle;

I'll be gone, and straight aboard.

S H E.

Do, do, and so shall *Hob* and *Sue*,
Jug too, and all the ragged crew.



S O N G. XLIV.

H E.

SINCE times are so bad, I must tell thee, sweet heart,
I'm thinking to leave off my plough and my cart,
And to the fair city a journey I'll go,
To better my fortune as other folks do,

Since some have from ditches,

And coarse leather breeches,

Been rais'd to be rulers,

And wallow'd in riches,

Pray thee, come, come, come, come from thy wheel;

For if the gipsies don't lie,

I shall be a governor too ere I die.

S H E.

Ah *Colin*! by all thy late doings I find,

With sorrow and trouble, the pride of thy mind.

Our sheep now at random disorderly run,
 And now *Sundry's* jacket goes every day on;
 Ah! what do'st thou, what do'st thou, what do'st
 thou mean!

H E.

To make my shoes clean,
 And foot it to court to the king and the queen,
 Where, shewing my parts, I preferment shall win.

S H E.

Fie! 'tis better for us to plough and to spin;
 For, as to the court, when thou happen'st to try,
 Thou'll find nothing got there, unless thou can'st buy;
 For money, the devil and all's to be found,
 But no good parts minded without the good pound.

H E.

Why, then I'll take arms, and follow alarms,
 Hunt honour, that now a-day plaguely charms.

S H E.

And so lose a limb by a shot or a blow,
 And curse thyself after for leaving the plow.

H E.

Suppose I turn gamester?

S H E.

So chat and be bang'd.

H E.

What think'st thou of the road then?

S H E.

The high way to be hang'd.

H E.

Nice pimping howe'er yields profit for life;
 I'll help some fine lord to another's fine wife.

S H E.

That's dangerous too amongst the town crew:
 For some of them will do the same thing by you;
 And then I to cuckold ye may be drawn in;
 Faith, *Colin*, 'tis better I sit here and spin.

H E.

Will nothing prefer me, what think'st of the law?

S H E.

Oh! while you live, *Colin*, keep out of that paw.

H E.

I'll cant and I'll pray.

S H E.

Ah! there's nought got that way:
 There's no one minds now what these black cattle say,
 Let all our whole care be our farming affair.

H E.

To make our corn grow, and our apple-trees bear.

B O T H.

Ambition's a trade no contentment can show.

S H E.

So I'll to my distaff.

H E.

And I'll to my plow.

B O T H A G A I N.

Let all our whole care. &c.



S O N G XLV.

H E.

W H E R E oxen do low,
 And apple-trees grow;
 Where corn is sown,
 And grafs is mown;
 Fate, give me for life a place.

S H E.

Where hay's well cock'd,
 And udders are stroak'd;
 Where duck and drake
 Cry, quack quack, quack;
 Where turkeys lay eggs,
 And swine suckle pigs:
 Oh! there would I pass my days.

H E.

On nought we will feed,
 But what we can breed:

S H E.

And wear on our backs
 The wool of our flocks ;
 And though linen feel
 Rough, spun from the wheel,
 'Tis cleanly tho' coarse it comes.

H E.

Town follies and cullies,
 And Mollies and Dollies,
 For ever adieu, and for ever.

S H E.

And beaux, that in boxes,
 I ye smugg'ling their doxies.
 With wigs that hang down to their bums.

H E.

Good b'bye to the mall,
 The park and canal,
 St. *James's* square,
 And flaunters there,
 The gaming-house too,
 Where high dice and low
 Are manag'd by all degrees.

S H E.

Adieu to the knight
 Was bubbled last night,
 That keeps a blowze,
 And beats his spouse,
 And then in great haste,
 To pay what he's lost,
 Sends home to cut down his trees.

H E.

And well fare the lad
 Improves every clod,
 Who ne'er sets his hand
 To bill or to bond :

S H E.

Nor barter his flocks
 For wine or the pox,
 To chouse him of half his days.

H E.

But fishing and fowling,
And hunting and bowling,
His pastime is ever and ever.

S H E.

Whose lips when ye buss 'em,
Smell like the bean blossom ;
Oh ! he 'tis shall have my praise.

H E.

To taverns, where goes
Sow'r apples and flocs,
A long adieu !
And farewell too
The house of the great,
Whose cook has no meat,
And butler can't quench my thirst.

S H E.

Farewell to the change,
Where rantipoles range ;
Farewell, cold tea,
And ratafie,
Hide-park, where pride
In coaches ride,
Altho' they be choak'd with dust.

H E.

Farewell the law gown,
The plague of the town,
And foes of the crown,
That thou'd be run down.

S H E.

With city jack-daws,
That make staple laws,
To measure by yards and ells.

H E.

Stock-jobbers and fwobbers,
And packers and tackers,
For ever adieu, and for ever :
We know what you're doing ;
And home we are going ;
And so you may ring your bells.

V O L. II.

E

S O N G XLVI.

H E.

O F all comforts I miscarried,
 When I play'd the sot and married :
 'Tis a trap there's none need doubt on't ;
 Those that are in, wou'd fain get out on't.

S H E.

Fie ! my dear, pray come to bed,
 That napkin take, and bind your head,
 Too much drink your brains have dos'd,
 You'll be quite alter'd when repos'd.

H E.

'Oons ! 'tis all one if I'm up or ly down,
 For as soon as the cock crows I'll be gone.

S H E.

'Tis to grieve me, thus you leave me,
 Was I, was I made a wife to lie alone ?

H E.

From your arms myself divorcing,
 I this morn must ride a coursing,
 A sport that far excels a *madam*,
 Or all the wives have been since *Adam*.

S H E.

I, when thus I've lost my due,
 Must hug my pillow wanting you ;
 And whilst you tope it all the day,
 Ragale in cups of harmless tea.

H E.

Pox, what care I ! drink your slops till you die ;
 Yonder's brandy will keep me a month from home.

S H E.

If thus parted, I'm broken hearted ;
 When I, when I send for you, my dear, pray come.

H E.

Ere I be from rambling hindred,
 I'll renounce my spouse and kindred ;
 To be sober I've no leasure,
 What's a man without his pleasure ?

SHE.

To my grief then I must see,
 Strong wine and Nantz my rivals be ;
 Whilst you carouse it with your blades
 Poor I sit stitching with my maids.

HE.

Zounds! you may go to your gossips, you know,
 And there, if you meet with a friend, pray do.

SHE.

Go, ye joker, go, provoker,
 Never never shall I meet a man like you.

S O N G XLVI.

PRETTY parrot, fly, when I was away
 And in dull absence pass'd the day,
 What at home was doing?

With chat and play,

We were gay

Night and day,

Good cheer and mirth renewing ;

Singing, laughing all, like pretty pretty poll.

Was no fop so rude, boldly to intrude,

And like a saucy lover would

Court and teaze my lady

A thing you know,

Made for show,

Call'd a beau,

Near her was always ready,

Ever at her call, like pretty pretty poll.

Tell me with what air he approach'd the fair

And how she could with patience bear

All he did and utter'd?

He still address'd,

Still caress'd,

Kiss'd and press'd,

Sung, prattl'd, laugh'd, and flutter'd :

Well receiv'd in all, like pretty pretty poll.

Did he go away, at the close of the day,
Or did he ever use to stay,

In a corner dodging?

The want of light,

When 'twas night

Spoil'd my sight;

But I believe his lodging

Was within her call, like pretty pretty poll.

S O N G XLVIII.

*Sung by PINKANELLO, Merry Andrew to LEVERIGO
the Mountebank Doctor.*

HERE are people and sports,
Of all sizes and sorts,
Coach'd damsel and squire
And mob in the mire,
Tarpaulins, Trugmallions,
Lords, ladies, fows babies,
And loobies in scores:
Some hawling, some bawling,
Some leering, some fleering,
Some loving, some shoving,
With legions of furbelow'd whores;
To the tavern some go,
And some to a show,
See poppets for moppets,
Jack puddens for cuddens,
Rope-dancing, mares prancing,
Beats flying, quacks lying,
Pick-pockets, pick plackets,
Beasts, butchers, and beaux,
Fools prattling, dice rattling,
Rocks shaming, putts damning,
Whores painted, masks tainted,
In tally-man's furbelow'd clothes.
The mob's joys would you know,
To yon music-house go,

See tailors and sailors,
 Whores oily and doily,
 Here music makes you sick ;
 Some skipping, some tripping,
 Some smoking, some joking,
 Like spiggit and tap ;
 Short measure, strange pleasures -
 Thus billing and swilling,
 Some yearly get fairly
 For fairings, pig pork and a clap.

The Second Part.

SEE, Sirs, see here ! a doctor rare,
 Who travels much at home !
 Here take my bills, they cure all ills,
 Past, present, and to come ;
 The cramp, the stitch, the squirt, the itch ;
 The gout, the stone, the pox,
 The mulligrubs, the wanton scrubs,
 And all Pandora's box :
 Thousands I've dissected,
 Thousands new erected,
 And such cures effected,
 As none e'er can tell :
 Let the palsy shake ye,
 Let the colic rack ye,
 Let the crinkrums break ye,
 Let the murrain take ye,
 Take this, take this, and you are well :
Thousands, &c.

Come, wits so keen, devour'd with spleen
 And beaux who've sprain'd your backs,
 Great belly'd maids, old founder'd jades,
 And pepper'd vizard cracks ;
 I soon remove the pains of love,
 And cure the amorous maid,
 The hot, the cold, the young, the old,
 The living and the dead ;

I clear the lafs with wainfcot-face,
 And from pim-ginets free
 Plump ladies red like Saracen's head
 With toping ratafie.
 This, with a jirk, will do your work,
 And fcour you o'er and o'er;
 Read, judge, and try; and if you die,
 Never believe me more.



S O N G XLIX.

OH! the charming month of May,
 When the breezes
 Fan the trees, is
 Full of blossoms fresh and gay;
Oh! the charming month of May,
Charming, charming month of May.
 Oh! what joys our prospects yield,
 When in new livery
 We see every
 Bush and meadow, tree and field;
Oh! what joys, &c. Charming joys, &c.
 Oh! how fresh the morning air,
 When the zephyrs
 And the heifers
 Their odorif'rous breath compare;
Oh! how fresh, &c. Charming fresh, &c.
 Oh! how sweet at night to dream
 On mossy pillows,
 By the trillows
 Of a gentle purling stream.
Oh! how sweet, &c. Charming sweet, &c.
 Oh! how kind the country lafs,
 Who her cow bilking,
 Leaves her milking
 For a green-gown on the grafs;
Oh! how kind, &c. Charming kind, &c.

Oh! how sweet it is to spy,
 At the conclusion,
 Her deep confusion,
 Blushing cheeks and down-cast eye :
Oh! how sweet, &c. Charming sweet, &c.

Oh! the charming curds and cream,
 When all is over,
 She gives her lover,
 Who on the skimming dish carves her name.
*Oh! the charming curds and cream,
 Charming, charming, &c.*

S O N G L.

CUPID, god of pleasing anguish,
 Teach th' enamour'd swain to languish,
 Teach him fierce desires to know,
 Heroes would be lost in story,
 Did not love inspire their glory,
 Love does all that's great below.

S O N G LI.

MY *Chloe*, why do ye slight me,
 Since all you ask you have?
 No more with frowns affright me,
 Nor use me like a slave :

Good nature to discover,
 Use well your faithful lover,
 I'll be no more a rover,
 But be constant to my grave.

Could we but change conditions,
 My grief would all be flown ;
 Were I the kind physician,
 And you the patient grown :
 All own you're wond'rous pretty,
 Well shap'd, and also witty,
 Enforc'd with generous pity,
 Then make my case your own..

The silver swan, when dying,
 Has most melodious lays,
 Like him, when love is flying,
 In songs I'll end my days :
 But know, thou cruel creature,
 My soul shall mount the fleeter,
 And I shall sing the sweeter,
 By warbling forth thy praise.



S O N G LII.

IN this grove my *Strephon* walk'd,
 Here he lov'd, and there he talk'd;
Here he lov'd, &c.

In this place his loss I prove,
 A sad remembrance of our love,
 O! sad remembrance of our love.

In this grove my *Strephon* stray'd,
 Here he smil'd and there betray'd;
Here he smil'd, &c.

Ev'ry whisp'ring breeze can tell,
 How I, poor I believing, fell,
 Ah! By too soon believing, fell.

By this stream my *Strephon* mov'd,
 Here he sung and there he lov'd;
Here he sung. &c.

Every stream and every tree,
 Cries out, Perfidious, cruel he,
 And helpless poor forsaken she.

On this my *Strephon* lean'd,
 A lovely foe but faithless friend;
A lovely foe, &c.

Ye verdant banks, each stream and grove
 Once joyous scenes, now dismal prove,
 Since *Strephon's* false to me and love.

S O N G LIII.

TRANSPORTED with pleasure

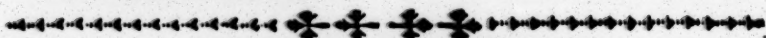
I gaze on new treasure,
And ravish my sight;
While she gaily smiling,
My anguish beguiling,
Augments my delight.
How bless'd is a lover,
Whose torment is over,
His fears and his pain;
When beauty relenting,
Repays with consenting
Her scorn and disdain?

S O N G LIV.

AQuire of bright beauties
In spring did appear,
To chuse a *May* lady
To govern the year;
All the nymphs were in white,
And the shepherds in green,
The garland was given,
And *Phillis* was queen.
But *Phillis* refused it,
And sighing did say,
I'll not wear a garland,
While *Pan* is away.

While *Pan* and fair *Syrinx*
Are fled from the shore,
The graces are banish'd,
And love is no more:
The soft God of pleasure
That warm'd our desires,
Has broken his bow,
And extinguish'd his fires;
And vows that himself
And his mother will mourn,
Till *Pan* and fair *Syrinx*
In triumph return.

Forbear your addressees,
 And court us no more ;
 For we will perform
 What the deity swore :
 But if you dare think
 Of deserving our charms,
 Away with your sheep-hooks
 And take to your arms :
 Then laurels and myrtles
 Your brows shall adorn,
 When *Pan* and fair *Syrinx*
 In triumph return.



S O N G L V.

AS charming *Glara* walk'd alone,
 The feather'd snow came softly down,
 Like *Jove* descending from his tower,
 To court her in a silver shower :
 The shining flakes flew to her breasts,
 As little birds into their nests ;
 But being outdone with whiteness there,
 For grief dissolv'd into a tear ;
 Thence flowing down her garment's hem,
 To deck her, froze into a gem.

S O N G LVI.

YE beaux of pleasure,
 Whose wit at leisure,
 Can count love's treasure,
 Its joy and smart ;
 At my desire,
 With me retire,
 To know what fire
 Consumes my heart.

Three moons that hasted,
 Are hardly wasted,
 Since I was blasted
 With beauty's ray :

Aurora shews ye
 No face so rolie,
 No *July* posie
 So fresh and gay.

Her skin by nature,
 No *Ermin* better,
 Though that fine creature
 Is white as snow;
 With blooming graces
 Adorn'd her face is,
 Her flowing traces
 As black as floe.

She's tall and slender,
 She's soft and tender;
 Some God commend her;
 My wit's too low:
 'Twere joyful plunder,
 To bring her under,
 She's all a wonder
 From top to toe.

Then cease, ye sages,
 To quote dull pages,
 That in all ages
 Our minds are free:
 Though great your skill is,
 So strong the will is,
 My love for *Phillis*
 Must ever be.

S O N G LVI.

O NE evening as I lay
 A-musing in a grove,
 A nymph exceeding gay
 Came there to seek her love;
 But finding not her swain,
 She sat her down to grieve,
 And thus she did complain,
 How men her sex deceive.

Believing maids take care
Of false deluding men,
Whose pride is to ensnare
Each female that they can :
My perjur'd swain he swore
A thousand oaths, to prove
(As many have done before)
How true he'd be to love.
Then, virgins, for my sake,
Ne'er trust false man again,
The pleasure we partake,
Ne'er answers half the pain ;
Uncertain as the seas,
Is their unconstant mind,
At once they burn or freeze,
Still changing like the wind.
When she had told her tale,
Compassion seiz'd my heart,
And *Cupid* did prevail
With me, to take her part :
Then bowing to the fair,
I made my kind address,
And vow'd to bear a share
In her unhappiness.
Surpriz'd at first she rose,
And strove from me to fly :
I told her I'd disclose
For grief a remedy.
Then, with a smiling look,
Said she, to assuage the storm,
I doubt you've undertook
A task you can't perform.
Since proof convinces best,
Fair maid, believe it true,
That rage is but a jest,
To what revenge can do :
Then serve him in his kind,
And fit the fool again,
Such charms were ne'er design'd
For such a faithless swain.

In matters of state,
 And party-debate,
 For church and for justice we bawl;
 But if you'll attend,
 You'll find in the end,
 'Tis all artifice, artifice all.

S O N G LXI.

The Parson among the Pease.

O NE long Whitsun holiday,
 Holiday, holiday, it was a jolly day
 Young Ralph, buxom Phillida,
 Phillida, a welladay!

Met in the pease;
 They long had community,
 He lov'd her, she lov'd him,
 Joyful unity, nought but opportunity
 Scanting was wanting,

Their bosoms to ease,
 But now fortune's cruelty, cruelty,
 You will see; for as they lie,
 In close hug, Sir Domine
 Gemini Gomini

Chanc'd to come by,
 He read prayers i' the family
 No way now to frame a lie,
 They scar'd at old homily,
 Homily, Homily,

Both away fly.
 Home, soon as he saw the sight,
 Full of spite, as a kite runs the recubite,
 Like a noisy hypocrite,
 Hypocrite, hypocrite,

Mischief to say;
 Save he wou'd fair Phillida,
 Phillida, Phillida dress'd that holiday;
 But poor Ralph, ah welladay!
 Welladay! welladay!

Turn'd was away.

'Ads nigs, cries Sir Domine
 Gemini Gomini, shall a rogue stay,
 To baulk me, as commonly
 Commonly, commonly,

Has been the way ?

No, I serve the family,
 They know nought to blame me by,
 I read prayers and homily,
 Homily, homily,

Three times a day.

S O N G LXII.

HOW happy are we,
 Who from thinking are free,
 That curbing disease of the mind,
 Can indulge every taste,
 Love where we like best,
 Not by dull reputation confin'd !

When we're young fit to toy,
 Gay delights we enjoy,
 And have crowds of new lovers still wooing ;
 When we're old and decay'd,
 We procure for the trade,
 Still in every age we are doing.

If a cully we meet,
 We spend what we get
 Every day, for the next never think :
 When we die, where we go
 We have no sense to know,
 For a bawd always dies in her drink.

S O N G LXIII.

ONE April morn, when from the sea
 Phœbus was just appearing
 Damon and Celia young and gay,
 Long settled love endearing,

Met in a grove, to vent their spleen
 On parents unrelenting :
 He bred of Tory race had been,
 She of the tribe dissenting.
 Celia, whose eyes outshone the god,
 Newly the hill adorning,
 Told him, mamma would be stark mad,
 She missing pray'rs that morning ;
 Damon, his arm about her waist,
 Swore, that nought should them funder
 Shou'd my rough dad know how I'm blest'd,
 'Twou'd make him roar like thunder.
 Great ones made by ambition blind,
 By faction still support it,
 Or where vile money taints the mind,
 They for convenience court it ;
 But mighty Love, that scorns to shew
 Party shou'd raise his glory,
 Swears he'll exalt a vassal true,
 Let it be Whig or Tory.

S O N G LXIV.

AMONG the willows on the grass
 Where nymphs and shepherds ly
 Young Willy courted bonny Bels ;
 And Nell stood list'ning by.

Says Will, we will not tarry
 Two months before we marry,
 No, no, fie no, never, never tell me so
 For a maid I'll live and die :
Says Nell so shall not I,
Says Nell, &c.

Long time between hope and despair,
 And kisses mix'd between
 He with a song did charm her ear
 Thinking she chang'd had been ;
 Says Will, I want a blessing,
 Substantialer than kissing.

No, no, fie no, never, never tell me so,
For I will never change my mind.

Says Nell, she'll prove more kind,

Says Nell, &c.

Smarting pain the virgin finds,

Altho' by nature taught,

When she first to man inclines :

Quoth Nell, I'll venture that.

Oh ! who would lose a treasure

For such a puny pleasure !

Not I, no, a maid I'll live and die,

And to my vow be true.

Quoth Nell, the more fool you,

Quoth Nell, &c.

To my closet I'll repair,

And read on godly books,

Forget vain love of worldly care,

Quoth Nell that likely looks.

You men are all perfidious,

But I will be religious ;

Try all, fly all, and while I breathe defy all ;

Your sex I now despise.

Says Nell by Jove she lies.

Says Nell, &c.

S O N G LXV.

SELIND A sure's the brightest thing
That decks the earth, or breathes our air ;

Mild are her looks like opening spring,

And like the blooming summer fair :

But then her wit's so very small,

That all her charms appear to ly

Like glaring colours on a wall,

And strike no further than the eye.

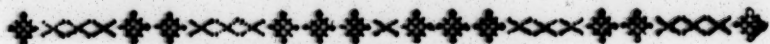
Our eyes luxuriously she treats,

Our ears are absent from the feast,

One sense is surfeited with sweets,

Starv'd and disgusted are the rest.

So have I seen with aspect bright,
 And taudry pride, a tulip swell,
 Blooming and beauteous to the sight,
 Dull and insipid to the smell.



S O N G. LXVI.

A Trifling song ye shall hear,
 Begun with a trifle and ended ;
 All trifling people draw near,
 And I shall be nobly attended.

Were it not for trifles a few,
 That lately came into the play,
 The men would want something to do,
 The women want something to say.

What makes men trifle in dressing ?
 Because the ladies they know,
 Admire, by often caressing,
 That eminent trifle a beau.

When the lover his moments has trifled,
 The trifle of trifles to gain,
 No sooner the virgin is rifled,
 But a trifle shall part them again.

What mortal wou'd ever be able,
 At Whyte's half a moment to sit ?
 Or who is't cou'd bear a tea-table,
 Without taking trifles for wit ?

The court is from trifles secure,
 Gold keys are no trifles we see ;
 White rods are no trifles I'm sure,
 Whatever their bearers may be.

But if you will go to the place,
 Where trifles abundantly breed,
 The levee will shew you, his Grace
 Makes promises trifles indeed !

A coach with six footmen behind,
 I count neither trifle nor sin;
 But, ye gods! how oft do we find
 A scandalous trifle within?

A flask of Champaign people think it
 A trifle or something as bad;
 But if you'll contrive how to drink it,
 You'll find it no trifle by Gad.

A parson's a trifle at sea,
 A widow's a trifle in sorrow,
 A peace is a trifle to day,
 To break it a trifle to morrow.

A black coat a trifle may cloak,
 Or to hide it the red may endeavour;
 But if once the army is broke,
 We shall have more trifles than ever.

The stage is a trifle they say,
 The reason pray carry along;
 Because that at every new play,
 The house they with trifles so throng.

But with people's malice to trifle,
 And to set us all on a foot;
 The author of this is a trifle,
 And his song is a trifle to boot.



S O N G LXVII.

FROM grave lessons and restraint,
 I'm stole out to revel here:
 Yet I tremble and I faint,
 In the middle of the fair.

Oh! would fortune in my way
 Throw a lover kind and gay:
 Now's the time he soon might move
 A young heart unus'd to love.

Shall I venture ! No, no, no,
 Shall I from the danger go ?
 Oh ! no, no, no, no, no,
 I must not try, I cannot fly,
 I must not, durst not, cannot fly.

Help me, nature, help me, art ;
 Why should I deny my part ?
 If a lover will pursue ;
 Like the wisest let me do ;
 I will fit him if he's true,
 If he's false I'll fit him too.

S O N G LXVIII.

Women and Wine.

SOME say women are like the sea,
 Some the waves, and some the rocks,
 Some the rose that soon decays,
 Some the weather, some the cocks,
 But if you'll give me leave to tell,
 There's nothing can be compar'd so well
 As wine, wine, women and wine,
 They run in a parallel.

Women are witches when they will,
 So is wine, so is wine,
 They make the Statesman lose his skill,
 The soldier, lawyer, and divine ;
 They put a gigg into the gravest scull,
 And send their wits to gather wool ;
 'Tis wine, wine, women and wine,
 They run in a parallel.

What is't that makes your face so pale,
 What is't that makes your looks divine ?
 What makes your courage rise and fall ?
 Is it not women, is it not wine ?
 Whence proceed th' inflaming doses,
 That set fire to your noses ?
 From wine, wine, women and wine,
 They run in a parallel.

S O N G LXIX.

WOU'D you chuse a wife,
For a happy life?

Leave the court and the country take,
Where *Dolly* and *Sue*,
Young *Molly* and *Prue*,
Follow *Roger* and *John*,
Whilst harvest goes on,
And merrily merrily rake.

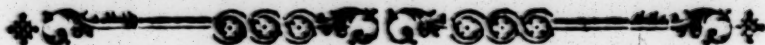
Leave the *London* dames
(Be it spoke to their shames)
To ly in their beds till noon,
Then get up and stretch,
And paint too and patch,
Some widgeon to catch,
Then look at their watch,
And wonder they rose up so soon.

Then coffee and tea,
Both green and *Bohea*,
Are serv'd to their tables in plate,
Where rattles do run,
As swift as the sun,
Of what they have won,
And who is undone,
By their gaming and sitting up late.

The las give me here,
Though brown as my beer,
Who knows how to govern her house,
Who can milk her cow,
Or farrow her sow,
Make butter and cheese,
Or gather green pease,
And values fine clothes not a soue.

This is the girl
Worth rubies and pearl;
A wife that will make a man rich;
We gentlemen need
No quality breed.

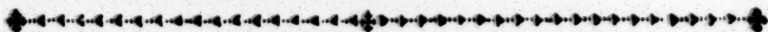
No squander away
 What taxes would pay;
 We care not in faith for such.



S O N G LXX.

YES I could love, if I could find
 A mistress fitted to my mind,
 Whom neither gold nor pride could move
 No change her virtue or her love :
 Loves to go neat, not to go fine,
 Loves for myself and not for mine ;
 Not city proud nor nice and coy,
 But full of love, and full of joy :

Not childish young, nor bedlame old,
 Not fiery hot, nor icy cold,
 Not gravely wise to rule the state,
 Not foolish to be pointed at ;
 Not worldly rich, nor basely poor,
 Nor chaste, nor a reputed whore :
 If such an one you can discover,
 Pray, Sir, intitle me her lover.

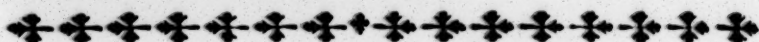


S O N G LXXI.

BLESS'D as th' immortal gods is he,
 The youth who fondly sits by thee,
 And hears and sees thee all the while,
 Softly speak and sweetly smile.
 'Twas this bereav'd my soul of rest
 And rais'd such tumults in my breast ;
 For while I gaz'd in transport tost,
 My breath was gone, my voice was lost.

My bosom glow'd ; the subtle flame
 Ran quick through all my vital frame ;
 O'er my dim eyes a darkness hung,
 My ears with hollow murmurs rung.

In dewy damps my limbs were chill'd,
 My blood with gentle horrors thrill'd,
 My feeble pulse forgot to play,
 I fainted, sunk, and dy'd away.



S O N G LXXII.

YOU may cease to complain,
 For your suit is in vain;
 All attempts you can make,
 But augments her disdain;
 She bids you give over
 While 'tis in your power,
 For except her esteem
 She can grant you no more:
 Her heart has been long since
 Affaulted and won,
 Her truth is as lasting
 And firm as the sun;
 You'll find it more easy
 Your passion to cure,
 Than for ever these fruitless
 Endeavours endure.
 You may give this advice
 To the wretched and wise,
 But a lover like me
 Will those precepts despise;
 I scorn to give over
 Were it in my power;
 Though esteem were deny'd me,
 Yet her I'll adore.
 A heart that's been touch'd
 Will some sympathy bear,
 'Twill lessen my sorrows
 If she takes a share:
 I'll count it more honour
 In dying her slave,
 Than did her affections
 The steadiness crave.

You may tell her I'll be
 Her true lover, tho' she
 Should mankind despise
 Out of hatred to me;
 'Tis mean to give o'er,
 'Cause we get no reward,
 She lost not her worth
 When I lost her regard;
 My love on an altar
 More noble shall burn,
 I still will love on
 Without hopes of return;
 I'll tell her some other
 Has kindled the flame,
 And I'll sigh for herself
 In another one's name.



S O N G LXXIII.

The tippling Philosophers.

DIOGENES furly and proud,
 Who snarl'd at the *Macedon* youth,
 Delighted in wine that was good,
 Because in good wine there was truth;
 But growing as poor as a *Job*,
 Unable to purchase a flask,
 He chose for his mansion a tub,
 And liv'd by the scent of the cask.

Heracitus ne'er would deny
 A bumper, to cherish his heart;
 And when he was maudlin wou'd cry,
 Because he had empty'd his quart:
 Tho' some are so foolish to think,
 He wept at mens follies and vice,
 'Twas only his custom to drink,
 Till the liquor flow'd out of his eyes.

Democritus always was glad
 To tippie and cherish his soul;
 Would laugh like a man that was mad,
 When over a good flowing bowl;
 As long as his cellar was stor'd,
 The liquor he'd merrily quaff:
 And when he was drunk as a lord,
 At them that were sober he'd laugh.

Wife *Solon*, who carefully gave
 Good laws unto *Athens* of old,
 And thought the rich *Craesus* a slave.
 (Tho' a king) to his coffers of gold;
 He delighted in plentiful bowls;
 But drinking much talk would decline,
 Because 'twas the custom of fools,
 To prattle much over their wine.

Old *Socrates* ne'er was content,
 Till a bottle had heighten'd his joys,
 Who in's cups to the oracle went,
 Or he ne'er had been counted so wise:
 Late hours he most certainly lov'd,
 Made wine the delight of his life,
 Or *Xantippe* would never have prov'd
 Such a damnable scold of a wife.

Grave *Seneca*, fam'd for his parts,
 Who tutor'd the bully of *Rome*,
 Grew wise o'er his cups and his quarts,
 Which he drank like a miser at home;
 And, to shew he lov'd wine that is good,
 To the last. (we may truly aver it)
 He tinctur'd his bath with his blood,
 So fanci'd he died in his claret.

Pythagoras did silence enjoin,
 On his pupils who wisdom would seek;
 Because he tippled good wine,
 Till himself was unable to speak;

And when he was whimsical grown,
 With sipping his plentiful bowls,
 By the strength of the joice in his crown,
 He conceiv'd transmigration of souls.

Copernicus too, like the rest,
 Believ'd there was wisdom in wine,
 And thought that a cup of the best
 Made reason the brighter to shine ;
 With wine he replenish'd his veins,
 And made his philosophy reel ;
 Then fanci'd the world, like his brains,
 Turn'd round like a chariot-wheel.

Aristotle, that master of arts,
 Had been but a dunce without wine,
 And what we ascribe to his parts,
 Is due to the joice of the vine :
 His belly, most writers agree,
 Was big as a watering-trough ;
 He therefore leapt into the sea,
 Because he'd have liquor enough.

Old *Plato* was reckon'd divine,
 He fondly to wisdom was prone ;
 But had it not been for good wine,
 His merits had never been known.
 By wine we are generous made,
 It furnishes fancy with wings,
 Without it we ne'er shou'd have had
 Philosophers, poets, or kings.

S O N G LXXIV.

Down among the Dead Men.

HERE'S a health to the king and a lasting peace,
 May faction be damn'd, and discord cease :
 Come, let us drink it while we have breath,
 For there's no drinking after death ;

And he that won't with this comply,

Down among the dead men,

Down among the dead men,

Down, down, down, down,

Down among the dead men, let him ly.

Now a health to the queen, and may she long

B' our first fair toast to grace our song ;

Off wi' your hats, wi' your knee on the ground,

Take off your bumpers all around ;

And he that will not drink his dry,

Down among, &c. let him ly.

Let charming beauty's health go round,

In whom celestial joys are found ;

And may confusion still pursue

The senseless woman hating crew ;

And he that will this health deny,

Down among, &c. let him lie.

Here's a thriving to trade, and the common-weal,

And patriots to their country leal :

But who for bribes gives *Satan* his soul,

May he ne'er laugh o'er a flowing bowl ;

And all that with such rogues comply,

Down among, &c. let him ly.

In smiling *Bacchus*' joys I'll roll,

Deny no pleasure to my soul ;

Let *Bacchus*' health round swiftly move,

For *Bacchus* is a friend to love ;

And he that does this health deny,

Down among, &c. let him ly.

S O N G LXXV.

HE that will not merry merry be,

With a generous bowl and a toast,

May he in *Bridewell* be shut up,

And fast bound to a post :

Let him be merry merry there,

And we'll be merry merry here ;

For who can know where we shall go,

To be merry another year ?

He that will not merry merry be,
 And take his glafs in courfe,
 May he b' oblig'd to drink fmall beer,
 Ne'er a penny into his purfe :
Let him be merry, &c.

He that will not merry merry be,
 With a comp'ny of jolly boys,
 May he be plagu'd with a fcoling wife,
 To confound him with her noife :
Let him be merry, &c.

He that will not merry merry be,
 With his miftrefs in his bed,
 Let him be buried in the church-yard,
 And me put in his ftead :
Let him be merry, &c.



S O N G LXXVI.

JOLLY mortals, fill your glaffes ;
 Noble deeds are done by wine ;
 Scorn the nymph and all her graces :
 Who'd for love or beauty pine ?

Look upon this bowl that's flowing,
 And a thoufand charms you'll find,
 More than in *Chloe* when juft going,
 In the moment to be kind.

Alexander hated thinking :
 Drank about at council-board ;
 Made friends, and gain'd the world by drinking,
 More than by his conquering fword.



S O N G LXXVII.

SINCE we die by the help of good wine,
 I will that a tun be my fhine ;
 And engrave it on my tomb,

Here lies a body once so brave,
Who with drinking made his grave,

Who with, &c.

Since thus to die will purchase fame,
And leave an everlasting name,

Since thus to die, &c.

Drink, drink away, drink, drink away,
And let us be nobly interr'd,

Drink drink, &c.

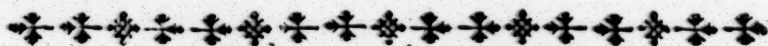
Let misers and slaves

Pop into their graves,

And rot in a dirty church-yard,

And rot in a dirty church-yard,

Let misers, &c.



S O N G LXXVIII.

BACCHUS is a power divine ;
For he no sooner fills my head

With mighty wine,

But all my cares resign,

And droop, and droop, and sink down dead ;

Then, then the pleasing thoughts begin,

And I in riches flow,

At least I fancy so ;

And without thought of want I sing,

Stretch'd on the earth, my head all around,

With flowers, wav'd into a garland crown'd :

Then, then I begin to live,

And scorn what all the world can show or give,

Let the brave fools that fondly think

Of honour and delight

To make a noise, a noise and fight,

Go seek out war whilst I seek peace,

Whilst I seek peace, seek peace and drink,

Whilst I seek peace, seek peace and drink.

Then fill my glass, fill fill it high ;

Some perhaps think it fit to fall and die ;

But when bottles are rang'd
 Make war with me,
 The fighting fool shall see,
 When I am sunk,
 The difference to ly dead,
 And ly dead drunk,
The fighting fool, &c.



S O N G LXXIX.

^p **Y**E virgin powers, defend my heart,
 From amorous looks and smiles;
 From saucy love, or nicer art,
 Which most our sex beguiles.

From sighs and vows, and awful fears,
 That do to pity move;
 From speaking silence, and from tears,
 Those springs that water love.

But if thro' passion I grow blind,
 Let honour be my guide;
 And when frail nature seems inclin'd,
 There place a guard of pride.

An heart, whose flames are seen, tho' pure
 Needs every virtue's aid;
 And she who thinks herself secure,
 The soonest is betray'd.



S O N G LXXX.

WH Y shou'd a foolish marriage vow,
 Which long ago was made,
 Oblige us to each other now,
 When passion is decay'd?
 We lov'd, and we lov'd
 As long as we cou'd,
 Till love was lov'd out of us both,

But our marriage is dead,
When the pleasure is fled ;
'Twas pleasure first made it an oath.

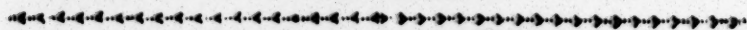
If I have pleasures for a friend,
And further love in store,
What wrong has he whose joys did end,
And who cou'd give no more ?
'Tis a madness that he
Shou'd be jealous of me,
Or that I shou'd bar him of another ;
For all we can gain,
Is to give ourselves pain,
When neither can hinder the other.



S O N G LXXXI.

MY dear mistress has a heart,
Soft as these kind looks she gave me,
When with love's resistless art,
And her eyes she did enslave me ;
But her constancy's so weak,
She's so wild and apt to wander,
That my jealous heart would break,
Shou'd we live one day asunder.

Melting joys about her move,
Killing pleasures, wounding blisses :
She can dress her eyes in love,
And her lips can arm with kisses :
Angels listen when she speaks ;
She's my delight, all mankind's wonder ;
But my jealous heart would break,
Should we live one day asunder.



S O N G LXXXII.

I'L L fail upon the *dog-star*,
And then pursue the morning;
I'll chase the moon till it be noon,
I'll make her leave her *horning*.

I'll climb the frosty mountain,
And there I'll coin the weather;
I'll tear the rainbow from the sky,
And ty both ends together.

The stars pluck from their orbs too,
And crowd them in my budget;
And whether I'm a roaring boy,
Let *Gresham* college judge it:

While I mount yon blue celum,
To shun the tempting gipsies;
Play at foot-ball with sun and moon,
And fright ye with eclipses.



S O N G LXXXIII.

JAMES.

PRITHEE, *Susan*, what dost muse on,
By this doleful spring?
You are, I fear, in love, my dear;
Alas, poor thing!

SUSAN.

Truly, *Jamie*, I must blame ye,
You look so pale and wan;
I fear 'twill prove you are in love;
Alas, poor man!

JAMES.

Nay, my *Suey*, now I view ye;
Well I know your smart,
When you're alone you sigh and groan;
Alas, poor heart!

SUSAN.

Jamie, hold; I dare be bold
To say, thy heart is stole,
And know that she as well as thee;
Alas, poor soul!

JAMES.

Then, my *Sue*, tell me who ;
 I'll give thee beads of pearl,
 And ease thy heart of all this smart ;
 Alas, poor girl !

SUSAN.

Jamie, no, if you should know,
 I fear 'twould make you sad,
 And pine away both night and day ;
 Alas, poor lad !

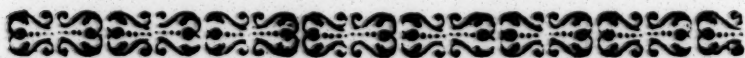
JAMES.

Why then, my *Sue*, it is for you,
 That I burn in these flames ;
 And when I die, I know you'll cry,
 Alas, poor *James* !

SUSAN.

Say you so, then, *Jamie* know,
 If you should prove untrue,
 Then must I likewise cry,
 Alas, poor *Sue* !

Quoth he, then join thy hand with mine,
 And we shall wed to-day :
 I do agree, here 'tis, quoth she,
 Come, let's away.



S O N G LXXXIV.

WHEN, lovely *Phillis*, thou art kind,
 Nought but raptures fill my mind :
 'Tis then I think thee so divine,
 T' excel the mighty power of wine :
 But when thou insult'st, and laugh'st at my pain,
 I wash thee away with sparkling *champaign* ;
 So bravely condemn both the boy and his mother,
 And drive out one God by the power of another.

Wherefore, says *Teague*, I will, by my shoul,
 Lay down my napshack, and take out my beads,
 And under this holy cross' fet I will fall,
 And shay *pater noster*, and some of our creeds :
 So *Teague* began with humble devotion,
 To kneel down before *St. Patrick's* cross ;
 The wind fell a blowing,
 And set it a-going,
 And gave our dear-joy a terrible tofs.

Sawny tehee'd, to see how poor *Teague*
 Lay scratching his ears, and roll on the grass,
 Swearing, it was surely the de'il's whirly-gig,
 And none (he roar'd out) of *St. Patrick's* cross :
 But ish it indeed, cries he in a passion,
 The cross of our shaint that has crosht me so fore ;
 Upo' my shalwashion,
 This shall be a cawshion,
 To truit to *St. Patrick's* kindness no more.



Sawny to *Teague* then merrily cry'd,
 This patron of yours is a very sad loun,
 To hit you sic a fair thump on the hide,
 For kneeling before him, and seeking a boon :
 Let me advite you to serve our *St. Andrew*,
 He, by my faul, was a special gude man :
 For since your *St. Patrick*
 Has serv'd you sic a trick,
 I'd see him hung up e'er I serv'd him again.

♦♦♦♦♦ S O N G LXXXVI. ♦♦♦♦♦

MAY the ambitious ever find
 Success in crowds and noise,
 While gentle love does fill my mind
 With silent real joys.

May knaves and fools grow rich and great,
 And all the world think them wise,
 While I ly at my *Nanny's* feet,
 And all the world despise.

Let conquering kings new triumphs raise,
 And melt in court delights:
 Her eyes can give much brighter days,
 Her arms much softer nights.

S O N G LXXXVII.

CELIA, too late you wou'd repent,
 The offering all your store,
 Is now but like a pardon sent,
 To one that's dead before.

While at the first you cruel prov'd,
 And grant the bliss too late,
 You hind'ed me of one I lov'd,
 To give me one I hate.

I thought you innocent as fair,
 When first my court I made;
 But when your falsehoods plain appear,
 My love no longer stay'd.

Your bounty of these favours shown,
 Whose worth you first deface,
 Is melting valu'd medals down,
 And giving us the brass.

O! since the thing we beg's a toy,
 That's priz'd by love alone,
 Why cannot women grant the joy,
 Before the love is gone.

S O N G LXXXVIII.

YES, all the world will sure agree,
 He who's secur'd of having thee,
 Will be entirely blest;

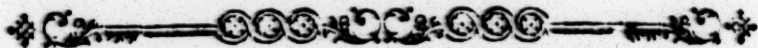
But 'twere in me too great a wrong,
 To make one who has been so long
 My *queen*, my *slave* at last.

VOL. II.

H

Ner ought these things to be confin'd
 That were for public good design'd:
 Cou'd we, in foolish pride,
 Make the sun always with us stay,
 'Twou'd burn our corn and grafs away,
 To starve the world beside.

Let not the thoughts of parting, fright
 Two souls which passion does unite;
 For while our love does last,
 Neither will strive to go away,
 And why the devil should we stay,
 When once that love is past?



S O N G. LXXXIX.

MY Goddess *Lydia*, heavenly fair,
 As lily sweet, as soft as air,
 Let loose thy tresses, spread thy charms,
 And to my love give fresh alarms.

O! let me gaze on these bright eyes,
 Tho' sacred light'ning from them flies;
 Shew me that soft that modest grace,
 Which paints with charming red thy face.

Give me *ambrosia* in a kiss,
 That I may rival *Jove* in bliss,
 That I may mix my soul with thine,
 And make the pleasure all divine.

O hide! thy bosom's killing white,
 (The milky way is not so bright)
 Let you my ravish'd soul oppress,
 With beauty's pomp, and sweet excess.

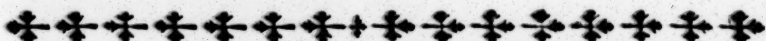
Why draw'st thou from the purple flood
 Of my kind heart the vital blood?
 Thou art all over endless charms;
 O! take me dying to thy arms.

S O N G XC.

WH Y we love, and why we hate,
Is not granted us to know;
Random chance, or wilful fate,
Guides the shaft from *Cupid's* bow.

If on me *Zelinda* frown,
'Tis madness all in me to grieve;
Since her will is not her own,
Why should I uneasy live?

If I for *Zelinda* die,
Deaf to poor *Mizella's* cries,
Ask not me the reason why,
Seek the riddle in the skies.



S O N G XCI.

HA R K how the trumpet sounds to battle,
Hark how the thund'ring cannons rattle;
Cruel ambition now calls me away,
While I have ten thousand soft things to say,
While honour alarms me,
Young *Cupid* disarms me,
And *Celia* so charms me,
I cannot away.

Hark again, honour calls me to arms,
Hark how the trumpet sweetly charms;
Celia no more then must be obey'd,
Cannons are roaring and ensigns display'd:
The thoughts of promotion,
Inspire such a notion,
Of *Celia's* devotion
I'm no more afraid.

Guard her for me, celestial powers,
Ye Gods, bless the nymph with happy soft hours:
O may she ever to love me incline,
Such lovely perfections I cannot resign;

Firm constancy grant her,
 My true love shall haunt her,
 My soul cannot want her,
 She's all so divine.

S O N G XCII.

SHALL I, waiting in despair,
 Die because a woman's fair?
 Shall my cheeks look pale with care,
 'Cause another's rosy are?
 Be she fairer than the day,
 Or the flow'ry meads in *May*;
 Yet if she think not well of me,
 What care I how fair she be?

Shall a woman's goodness move
 Me to perish for her love;
 Or, her worthy merits known,
 Make me quite forget my own?
 Be she with that goodness blest,
 As may merit name the best;
 Yet if she be not such to me,
 What care I how good she be?

Be she good, or kind, or fair,
 I will never more despair;
 If she love me, this believe,
 I will die e'er she shall grieve;
 If she slight me when I woo,
 I will scorn and let her go:
 So if she be not fit for me,
 What care I for whom she be?



S O N G XCIII.

AS the snow in valleys lying,
Phæbus his warm beams applying,
 Soon dissolves and runs away;
 So the beauties, so the graces,
 Of the most bewitching faces,
 At approaching age decay.

As a tyrant when degraded,
Is despis'd, and is upbraided,
By the slaves he once controul'd;
So the nymph, if none could move her,
Is contemn'd by every lover,

When her charms are growing old.
Melancholic looks and whining,
Grieving, quarrelling and pining,
Are th' effect: your rigours move:
Soft caresses, am'rous glances,
Melting sighs, transporting trances,
Are the blest effects of love.

Fair ones! while your beauty's blooming,
Employ time, lest age resum'g
What your youth profusely lends;
You are rob'd of all your glories,
And condemn'd to tell old stories
To your unbelieving friends.



S O N G XCIV.

FAIR *Amoret* is gone astray,
Pursue, and seek her, every lover;
I'll tell the signs by which you may
The wand'ring shepherdes discover.

Coquet and coy at once her air,
Both studi'd, though both seem neglected;
Careless she is with artful care,
Affecting to seem unaffected.

With skill her eyes dart every glance,
Yet change so soon you'd ne'er suspect 'em;
For she'd persuade they wound by chance,
Though certain aim and art direct them.

She likes herself, yet others hates
For that which in herself she prizes;
And while she laughs at them, forgets
She is the thing that she despises.

S O N G XCV.

D A M O N, if you will believe me,
 'Tis not sighing round the plain,
 Song nor sonnet can relieve ye;
 Faint attempts in love are vain.

Urge but home the fair occasion,
 And be master of the field:
 To a powerful kind invasion,
 'Twere a madness not to yield.

Though she vows she'll ne'er permit ye,
 Cries you're rude and much to blame,
 And with tears implores your pay;
 Be not merciful for shame.

When the fierce assault is over,
Chloris time enough will find,
 This her cruel furious lover,
 Much more gentle, not so kind.



S O N G XCVI.

I F she be not kind as fair,
 But peevish and unhandy,
 Leave her, she's only worth the care
 Of some spruce jack-a-dandy.

I would not have thee such an ass,
 Hadst thou ne'er so much leisure,
 To sigh and whine for such a lass,
 Whose pride's above her pleasure.



S O N G XCVII.

H E.

A W A K E, thou fairest thing in nature,
 How can you sleep when day does break?
 How can you sleep, my charming creature,
 When half a world for you are awake?

S H E.

What swain is this that sings so early,
Under my window by the dawn?

H E.

'Tis one, dear nymph, that loves you dearly,
Therefore in pity ease my pain.

S H E.

Softly, else you'll wake my mother,
No tales of love she let's me hear;
Go tell your passion to some other,
Or whisper't softly in my ear.

H E.

How can you bid me love another,
Or rob me of your beauteous charms?
'Tis time you were wean'd from your mother,
You're fitter for a lover's arms.

S O N G XCVIII.

IN spite of love at length I've found
A mistress that can please me,
Her humour free and unconfin'd,
Both night and day shall ease me.
No jealous thoughts disturb my mind,
Though she's enjoy'd by all mankind,
Then drink and never spare it,
'Tis a *bottle of good claret*.

If you, through all her naked charms,
Her little mouth discover,
Then take her blushing to your arms,
And use her like a lover;
Such liquor she'll distil from thence,
As will transport your ravish'd sense;
Then kiss and never spare it,
'Tis a *bottle of good claret*.

But best of all! she has no tongue,
Submissive she obeys me,
She's fully better old than young,
And still to smiling sways me;

Her skin is smooth, complexion black,
 And has a most delicious smack;
 Then kiss and never spare it,
 'Tis a *bottle* of good *claret*.

If you her excellence would taste,
 Be sure you use her kind, Sir,
 Clap your hands about her waist,
 And raise her up behind, Sir;
 As for her bottom, never doubt,
 Push but home, and you'll find it out;
 Then drink and never spare it,
 'Tis a *bottle* of good *claret*.

S O N G XCIX.

O Surprising lovely fair!
 Who with *Chloe* can compare?
 Sure she's form'd for beauty's Queen,
 Her wit, her shape, her grace, her mein,
 By far excels all nymphs I've seen;
 No mortal eye
 Can view her nigh,
 Too exquisite for human sight to see:
 Though she ne'er may be kind,
 Nor for me e'er design'd,
 Yet I love, I love, I love,
 The charming she.

S O N G C.

WHEN bright *Aurelia* tript the plain,
 How chearful then were seen,
 The looks of every jolly swain,
 Who strove *Aurelia's* heart to gain,
 With gambols on the green?
 Their sports were innocent and gay,
 Mixt with a manly air;
 They'd sing, and dance, and pipe, and play,
 Each strove to please, some different way,
 This dear enchanting fair.

The ambitious strife she did admire,
 And equally approve,
 'Till *Phœon's* tuneful voice and lyre,
 Which softest music did inspire
 Her soul to generous love.

Their wonted sports the rest declin'd,
 Their arts prov'd all in vain;
Aurelia's constant now they find,
 The more they languish and repin'd,
 The more she loves the *swain*.



S O N G C I.

AWAY, you rover,
 For shame give over,
 You play the lover
 So like an ass;
 You are for storming,
 You think you're charming,
 Your faint performing,
 We read in your face.



S O N G C II.

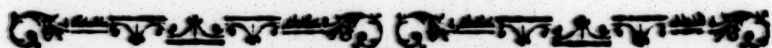
HE, who for ever,
 Would hope for favour,
 He must endeavour
 To charm the fair:
 He dances, he dances,
 He da-a-a-a-a-ances,
 He sighs, and glances,
 He makes advances,
 He sings, and dances,
 And mends his air.

S O N G CIII.

GO, go, go, go, falsest of thy sex, begone,
 Leave, leave, ah leave me, leave me to myself alone!
 Why would you strive by fond pretence,
 Thus to destroy my innocence?
 Go, go, &c.——leave, leave, &c.

Young *Celia*, you too late betray'd,
 Then thus you did the nymph upbraid,
 "Love, like a dream usher'd by night,
 "Flies the approach of morning light."
 Go, go, &c.——leave, leave, &c.

She who believes man when he swears,
 Or least regards his oaths and prayers,
 May she, fond she, be most accurst:
 Nay more, be subject to his lust.
 Go, go, &c.——leave, leave, &c.



S O N G CIV.

BELINDA, with affected mein,
 Tries all the power of art;
 Yet finds her efforts all in vain,
 To gain a single heart:
 Whilst *Chloe*, in a different way,
 Is but herself, to please,
 And makes new conquests every day,
 Without one borrowed grace.

Belinda's haughty air destroys
 What native charms inspire;
 While *Chloe's* artless shining eyes,
 Set all the world on fire:
Belinda may our pity move;
 But *Chloe* gives us pain,
 And while she smiles us into love,
 Her sister frowns in vain.

S O N G CV.

ON a bank of flowers,
 In a summer day,
 Inviting and undrest,
 In her bloom of youth,
 Fair *Celia* lay,
 With love and sleep oppress'd;
 When a youthful swain,
 With admiring eyes,
 With'd that he durst
 The sweet maid surpris'd;
With a fa, la, la, la, &c.
 But fear'd approaching spies.

As he gaz'd,
 A gentle *Zephyr* arose,
 That fann'd her robes aside:
 And the sleeping nymph
 Did the charms disclose,
 Which waking she would hide:
 Then his breath grew short,
 And his pulse beat high,
 He long'd to touch
 What he chanc'd to spy;
With a fa, la, la, la, &c.
 But durst not still draw nigh.

All amaz'd he stood,
 With her beauties fir'd,
 And blest the courteous wind;
 Then in whispers sigh'd,
 And the Gods desir'd,
 That *Celia* might be kind:
 When with hopes grown bold,
 He advanc'd again;
 But she laugh'd loud
 In a dream, and again,
With a fa, la, la, la, &c.
 Repell'd the timorous swain.

Yet the amorous youth,
 To relieve his soft pain,
 The slumb'ring maid carefs'd;
 And with trembling hand
 (O simple poor swain!)
 Her glowing bosom press'd:
 When the virgin awak'd,
 And affrighted flew,
 Yet look'd as wishing
 He would pursue:
With a fa, la, la, la, &c.
 But *Damon* mist his cue.

Now, now repenting,
 That he had let her fly,
 Himself he thus accus'd,
 What a dull and a stupid
 Blockhead was I,
 That such a chance abus'd?
 To my shame 'twill now
 On the plains be said,
Damon a virgin
 Asleep betray'd,
With a fa, la, la, la, &c.
 And let her go a maid.

S O N G C VI.

WHILE silently I lov'd, nor dar'd,
 To tell my crime aloud,
 The influence of your smiles I shar'd,
 In common with the crowd.
 But when I once my flames express'd,
 In hopes to ease my pain,
 You singl'd me out from all the rest,
 The mark of your disdain.
 If thus, *Corinna*, you shall frown
 On all that I adore,
 Then all mankind must be undone,
 Or you must smile no more.

S O N G CVII.

O H happy, happy grove,
 Witness of our tender love ;
 Oh ! happy, happy shade,
 Where first our vows were made :
 Blushing, sighing, melting, dying,
 Looks would charm a *Jove* ;
 A thousand pretty things she said,
 And all—and all was love :
 But *Corinna* perjur'd proves,
 And forsakes the shady groves ;
 When I speak of mutual joys,
 She knows not what I mean ;
 Wanton glances, fond caresses
 Now no more are seen,
 Since the false deluding fair
 Has left the flow'ry green :
 Mourn, ye nymphs, that sporting play'd,
 Where poor *Strepson* was betray'd ;
 There the secret wound she gave,
 When I was made her slave.

S O N G CVIII.

T H E sages of old,
 In prophecy told,
 The cause of a nation's undoing ;
 But our new *English* breed
 No prophecies need,
 For each one here seeks his own ruin.
 With grumbling and jars,
 We promote civil wars,
 And preach up false tenets to many ;
 We snarl and we bite,
 We rail and we fight
 For religion, yet no man has any,
 Then him let's commend,
 That's true to his friend,
 And the church and the senate would settle ;
 V O L. II. I

Who delights not in blood,
But draws when he shou'd,
And bravely stands brunt to the battle.

Who rails not at kings,
Nor politic things,
Nor treason will speak when he's mellow;
But takes a full glass,
To his country's success,
This, this is an honest brave fellow.



S O N G CIX.

WE all to conquering beauty bow,
Its pleasing power admire;
But I ne'er knew a face till now,
That cou'd like yours inspire
Now I may say I met with one,
Amazes all mankind;
And, like men gazing on the sun,
With too much light am blind.
Soft, as the tender moving sighs,
When longing lovers meet;
Like the divining prophets, wife;
Like new blown roses, sweet;
Modest, yet gay; reserv'd, yet free;
Each happy night a bride;
A mein like awful majesty,
And yet no spark of pride.

The patriarch, to win a wife,
Chaste, beautiful and young,
Serv'd fourteen years a painful life,
And never thought it long:
Ah! were you to reward such care,
And life so long would stay,
Not fourteen, but four hundred years,
Would seem but as one day.

S O N G CX.

PRITHEE, *Billy*, be'nt so filly,
Thus to waste thy days in grief;
You say, *Betty* will not let ye;
But can sorrow bring relief?

Leave repining, cease your whining;
Pox on torment, tears and wo:
If she's tender, she'll surrender;
If she's tough,—e'en let her go.

S O N G CXI.

KINDLY, kindly, thus my treasure,
Ever love me, ever charm;
Let the passion know no measure,
Yet no jealous fear alarm.

Why shou'd we, our blifs beguiling,
By dull doubting fall at odds?
Meet my soft embraces smiling,
We'll be happy as the Gods.

S O N G CXII.

ASour reformation
Crawls out thro' the nation,
While dunder head sages
Who hope for good wages,
Direct us the way.
Ye sons of the muses,
Then cloak your abuses;
And lest you shou'd trample
On pious example,
Observe and obey.
Time-frenzy curers,
And stubborn nonjurors,
For want of diversion,
Now scourge the lewd-times:

They've hinted, they've printed,
 Our vein it profane is,
 And worst of all crimes ;
 The clod-pated railers,
 Smiths, coblers and colliers,
 Have damn'd all our rhymes.

Under the notion
 Of zeal for devotion,
 The humour has fir'd 'em,
 And malice inspir'd 'em,
 To tutor the age :
 But if in season,
 You'd know the true reason ;
 The hopes of preferment,
 Is what makes the vermin
 Now rail at the stage.
 Cuckolds and canters,
 With scruples and banter
 Old *Oliver's* peal,
 Against poetry ring :
 But let state-revolvers,
 And treason-absolvers,
 Excuse, if I sing,
 The rebel that chuses,
 To cry down the muses,
 Wou'd cry down the king.

THE END OF PART THIRD.

T H E T E A - T A B L E M I S C E L L A N Y :

P A R T I V .

*ANNA with an angel's air,
 Sweet her notes, her face as fair ;
 Vassals and Kings
 Feel when she sings,
 Charms of warbling beauty near.*

E T R I C K B A N K S .

I.

O N *Etrick-banks*, in a summer's night,
 At glowming when the sheep drave hame,
 I met my lassie braw and tight,
 Come wading, barefoot, a' her lane :
 My heart grew light, I ran, I sang
 My arms about her lily neck,
 And kiss'd and clap'd her there fou lang ;
 My words they were na mony, feck.

II.

I said, My lassie, will ye go
 To the highland hills, the *Earse* to learn ;
 I'll baith gi'e thee a cow and ewe,
 When ye come to the brig of *Earn*.

At *Leith* auld meal comes in, ne'er fash,
 And herrings at the *Broomy Lax*,
 Chear up your heart my bonny lass,
 There's gear to win we never saw.

III.

All day when we have wrought enough,
 When winter, frosts and snaw begin,
 Soon as the sun gaes West the loch,
 At night when you sit down to spin,
 I'll screw my pipes and play a spring :
 And thus the weary night will end,
 Till the tender kid and lamb time bring
 Our pleasant summer back again.

IV.

Syne when the trees are in their bloom,
 And gowans glent o'er ilka field,
 I'll meet my lass among the broom,
 And lead you to my summer shield.
 Then far frae a' their scornfu' din,
 That make the kindly hearts their sport,
 We'll laugh, and kiss, and dance, and sing,
 And gar the langest day seem short.

THE BIRKS OF INVERMAY.

I.

THE smiling morn, the breathing spring;
 Invite the tuneful birds to sing;
 And while they warble from the spray,
 Love melts the universal lay.
 Let us, *Amanda*, timely wise,
 Like them, improve the hour that flies;
 And in soft raptures waste the day
 Among the birks of *Invermay*.

II.

For soon the winter of the year,
 And age, life's winter, will appear,
 At this thy living bloom will fade,
 As that will strip the verdant shade :

Our taste of pleasure then is o'er,
The feather'd songsters are no more;
And when they droop, and we decay,
Adieu, the birks of *Invermay*.

III.

The lavrocks now and lintwhite sing,
The rocks around with echoes ring;
The mavis and the black-bird vye,
In tuneful strains to glad the day;
The woods now wear their summer suits;
To mirth all nature now invites:
Let us be blythsome then and gay
Among the birks of *Invermay*.

IV.

Behold the hills and vales around,
With lowing herds and flocks abound;
The wanton kids and frisking lambs
Gambol and dance about their dams;
The busy bees with humming noise,
And all the reptile kind rejoice:
Let us, like them, then sing and play
About the birks of *Invermay*.

V.

Hark, how the waters as they fall,
Loudly my love to gladness call;
The wanton waves sport in the beams,
And fishes play throughout the streams,
The circling sun does now advance,
And all the planets round him dance:
Let us as jovial be as they
Among the birks of *Invermay*.

HERO and LEANDER.

An old BALLAD.

LEANDER on the bay
Of *Hellepont* all naked stood,
Impatient of delay,
He leapt into the fatal flood:

The raging seas,
 Whom none can please,
 'Gainst him their malice shew;
 The heavens lowr'd
 The rain down pour'd,
 And loud the winds did blow.

II.

Then casting round his eyes,
 Thus of his fate he did complain,
 Ye cruel rocks, and skies!
 Ye stormy winds, and angry main?
 What 'tis to miss
 The lover's bliss,
 Alas! ye do not know;
 Make me your wreck
 As I come back,
 But spare me as I go.

III.

Lo! yonder stands the tower
 Where my beloved *Hero* lies,
 And this is the appointed hour
 Which sets to watch her longing eyes.
 To his fond suit
 The gods were mute;
 The billows answer, No:
 Up to the skies
 The surges rise,
 But sunk the youth as low.

IV.

Mean while the wishing maid,
 Divided 'twixt her care and love,
 Now does his stay upbraid;
 Now dreads he shou'd the passage prove:
 O fate! said she,
 Nor heaven, nor thee,
 Our vows shall e'er divide.
 I'd leap this wall,
 Cou'd I but fall
 By my *Leander's* side.

V.

At length the rising sun
 Did to her sight reveal, too late,
 That *Hero* was undone;
 Not by *Leander's* fault, but fate.
 Said she, I'll shew,
 Tho' we are two,
 Our loves were ever one:
 This proof I'll give,
 I will not live,
 Nor shall he die alone.

VI.

Down from the wall she leapt
 Into the raging seas to him,
 Courting each wave she met,
 To teach her weary'd arms to swim;
 The sea-gods wept,
 Nor longer kept
 Her from her lover's side.
 When join'd at last.
 She grasp'd him fast,
 Then sigh'd, embrac'd, and died.

Rare WILLY drown'd in YARROW.

I.

WILLY'S rare, and *Willy's* fair,
 And *Willy's* wondrous bonny;
 And *Willy* height to marry me,
 Gin e'er he married ony.

II.

Yestreen I made my bed fu' bra'd,
 This night I'll make it narrow;
 For a' the live-lang winter night
 I ly twin'd of my marrow.

III.

O came you by yon water side,
 Pou'd you the rose or lily!
 Or came you by yon meadow green?
 Or saw you my sweet *Willy*?

She fought him east, she fought him west,
 She fought him braid and narrow ;
 Syne in the cleaving of a craig
 She found him drown'd in *Tarrow*.



The King and the Miller.

I.

HOW happy a state does the miller possess !
 Who wou'd be no greater, nor fears to be less ;
 On his mill and himself he depends for support,
 Which is better than servilely cringing at court.
 What tho' he all dusty and whit'ned does go,
 The more he's bepowder'd, the more like a beau ;
 A *Clown* in his *dress* may be honest far,
 Than a *Courtier* who struts in his *Garter* and *Star*.

II.

Tho' his hands are so daub'd, they're not fit to be seen,
 The hands of his *Betters* are not very clean ;
 A palm more polite may as dirtily deal,
 Gold in handling will stick to the fingers like meal.
 What if, when a pudding for dinner he lacks,
 He cribs without scruple from other mens sacks ;
 In this of right noble example he brags,
 Who borrow as freely from other mens bags.

III.

Or shou'd he endeavour to heap an estate,
 In this too he mimics the *Tools* of the state,
 Whose aim is alone their coffers to fill,
 And all his concern's to bring grist to his mill ?
 He eats when he's hungry, and drinks when he's dry,
 And down when he's weary contented does ly,
 Then rises up chearful to work and to sing :
 If so happy a *Miller*, then who'd be a *King* ?

SWEET WILLIAM'S GHOST.

I.

THERE came a ghost to *Marg'ret's* door,
 With many a grievous groan,
 And ay he tirl'd at the pin,
 But answer made she none.

II.

Is that my father *Philip*,
 Or is't my brother *John*?
 Or is't my true love *Willy*
 From *Scotland* new come home?

III.

'Tis not thy father *Philip*,
 Nor yet thy brother *John*;
 But 'tis thy true love *Willy*
 From *Scotland* new come home.

IV.

O sweet *Marg'ret*! O dear *Marg'ret*!
 I pray thee speak to me,
 Give me my faith and troth, *Marg'ret*,
 As I gave it to thee.

V.

Thy faith and troth thou's never get,
 Nor yet will I thee lend,
 Till that thou come within my bower,
 And kiss my cheek and chin.

VI.

If I shou'd come within thy bower,
 I am no earthly man;
 And shou'd I kiss thy rosy lips,
 Thy days will not be lang.

VII.

O sweet *Marg'ret*! &c. as 4th Stanza.

VIII.

Thy faith and troth thou's never get,
 Nor yet will I thee lend,
 Till thou take me to yon kirk yard,
 And wed me with a ring.

IX.

My bones are buried in yon kirk-yard,
Afar beyond the sea ;
And it is but my spirit, *Marg'ret*,
That's now speaking to thee.

X.

She stretch'd out her lily-white hand,
And for to do her best,
Hae there's your faith and troth, *Willy*,
God fend your soul good rest.

XI.

Now she has kilted her robes of green
A piece below her knee,
And a' the live-lang winter night
The dead corp followed she.

XII.

Is there any room at your head, *Willy* ?
Or any room at your feet ?
Or any room at your side, *Willy*,
Wherein that I may creep ?

XIII.

There's no room at my head, *Marg'ret* ;
There's no room at my feet ;
There's no room at my side *Marg'ret*,
My coffin's made so meet.

XIV.

Then up and crew the red red cock,
And up then crew the gray,
'Tis time, 'tis time, my dear *Marg'ret*,
That you were going away.

XV.

No more the ghost to *Marg'ret* said,
But with a grievous groan,
Evanish'd in a cloud of mist,
And left her all alone.

XVI.

O stay, my only true love, stay,
The constant *Marg'ret* cry'd ;
Wan grew her cheeks, she clos'd her een,
stretch'd her soft limbs, and dy'd.

Great Lamentation for the Loss of Sweet
SENISINO.

I.

AS musing I rang'd in the meads all alone,
 A beautiful creature was making her moan;
 Oh! the tears they did trickle full fast from her eyes:
 She pierc'd both the air and my heart with her cries.
Oh! the tears, &c.

II.

I gently requested the cause of her moan,
 She told me, her sweet *Senisino* was flown;
 And in that sad posture she'd ever remain,
 Unless the dear charmer wou'd come back again.
And in, &c.

III.

Why, who is this mortal so cruel, said I,
 That draws such a stream from so lovely an eye!
 To beauty so blooming what man can be blind!
 To passion so tender what monster unkind!
To beauty, &c.

IV.

'Tis neither for man, nor for woman, said she,
 That thus in lamenting, I water the lee,
 My warbler celestial, sweet darling of fame,
 Is a shadow of something, a sex without name.
My warbler, &c.

V.

Perhaps, 'tis some linnet, some black bird, said I,
 Perhaps 'tis your lark that has soar'd to the sky;
 Come dry up your tears, and abandon your grief,
 I'll bring you another to give you relief.
Come dry, &c.

VI.

No linnet, no black bird, no sky lark, said she,
 But one much more tuneful by far than all three;
 My sweet *Senisino*, for whom I now cry,
 Is sweeter than all the wing'd songsters that fly.
My sweet, &c.

VII.

Adieu, *Farinella*, *Cuzzoni* likewise,
Whom stars and whom garters extol to the skies;
Adieu to the opera. adieu to the ball,
My darling is gone, and a fig for them all.
Adieu, &c.

The Virgin's Prayer.

I.

CUPID, ease a love-sick maid,
Bring thy quiver to her aid;
With equal ardour wound the swain:
Beauty should never sigh in vain.

II.

Let him feel the pleasing smart,
Drive thy arrows through his heart;
When one you wound, you then destroy;
When both you kill, you kill with joy.

UNGRATEFUL NANNY.

I.

ID ever swain a nymph adore,
As I ungrateful *Nanny* do?
Was ever shepherd's heart so sore,
Or ever broken heart so true?
My cheeks are swell'd with tears, but she
Has never wet a cheek for me.

II.

If *Nanny* call'd, did e'er I stay,
Or linger when she bid me run?
She only had the word to say,
And all she wish'd was quickly done.
I always think of her, but she
Does ne'er bestow a thought on me.

III.

To let her cows my clover taste,
 Have I not rose by break of day?
 Did ever *Nanny's* heifers fast,
 If *Robin* in his barn had hay.
 Tho' to my fields they welcome were,
 I ne'er was welcome yet to her.

IV.

If ever *Nanny* lost a sheep,
 I cheerfully did give her two;
 And I her lambs did safely keep
 Within my folds in frost and snow:
 Have they not there from cold been free?
 But *Nanny* still is cold to me.

V.

When *Nanny* to the well did come,
 'Twas I that did her pitchers fill;
 Full as they were, I brought them home;
 Her corn I carried to the mill;
 My back did bear the sack, but she
 Will never bear a sight of me.

VI.

To *Nanny's* poultry, oats I gave,
 I'm sure they always had the best;
 Within this week her pigeons have
 Eat up a peck of pease at least.
 Her little pigeons kiss, but she
 Will never take a kiss from me.

VII.

Must *Robin* always *Nanny* woo,
 And *Nanny* still on *Robin* frown,
 Alas! poor wretch! what shall I do,
 If *Nanny* does not love me soon!
 If no relief to me she'll bring,
 I'll hang me in her apron-string.

The Scullion's Complaint.

BY the side of a great kitchen fire,
 A scullion so hungry was laid,
 A pudding was all his desire ;
 A kettle supported his head.
 The hogs that were fed by the house,
 To his sighs with a grunt did reply ;
 And the gutter that car'd not a louse,
 Ran mournfully muddily by.

II.

But when it was set in a dish,
 Thus sadly complaining he cry'd,
 My mouth it does water, and with,
 I think it had better been fry'd.
 The butter around it was spread,
 'Twas as great as a prince in his chair :
 Oh ! might I but eat it, he said,
 The proof of the pudding lies there.

III.

How foolish was I to believe,
 It was made for so homely a clown ;
 Or that it would have a reprieve
 From the dainty fine folks of the town ?
 Could I think that a pudding so fine
 Would ever uneaten remove ?
 We labour that others may dine,
 And live in a kitchen on love.

IV.

What tho' at the fire I have wrought
 Where puddings we broil and we fry,
 Tho' part of it hither be brought,
 And none of it ever set by.
 Ah *Colin* ! thou must not be first,
 Thy knife and thy trencher resign ;
 There's *Marg'ret* will eat till she burst,
 And her turn is sooner than mine.

v.

And you, my companions so dear,
Who sorrow to see me so pale,
Whatever I suffer, forbear,
Forbear at a pudding to rail,
Tho' I shou'd through all the rooms rove,
'Tis in vain from my fortune to go ;
'Tis its fate to be often above,
'Tis mine still to want it below.

VL

If while my hard fate I sustain,
In your breasts any pity be found,
Ye servants that earliest dine,
Come see how I ly on the ground :
Then hang up a pan and a pot,
And sorrow to see how I dwell ;
And say, when you grieve at my lot,
Poor *Colin* lov'd pudding too well.

VIL.

Then back to your meat you may go,
Which you set in your dishes so prim,
Where sauce in the middle does flow,
And flowers are strew'd round the brim :
Whilst *Colin*, forgotten and gone,
By the hedges shall dismally rove,
Unless when he sees the round moon,
He thinks on a pudding above. *

II.

Then *Jowler* did roar, hearing *Tolier* before,
 Brave music makes *Sweet-lips* and *Mally*,
 At the sound of the noise the hunters rejoice,
 And the *Squat* makes the ratches to rally.

III.

Then casting about, we find her anew,
 And we raise then a halloo to cheer them ;
 The echoes around from the mountains resound,
 Rejoicing all hearts that do hear them.

IV.

And when she turns weak, and her life's at the stake,
 We take care to make her a seizure ;
 And soon as we kill, we recover at will,
 And home we return at our leisure.

V.

And when we come home, our kind loving dames
 With the best of good cheer can provide us ;
 Good liquors abound, and healths go round,
 Till nothing that's bad can betide us.

VI.

Then we rise in a ring, we dance and we sing,
 Having enough of our own, none to borrow :
 Can the court of a king yield a pleasanter thing ?
 We're the same just to-day as to-morrow.

The jolly Bender.

I.

BACCHUS must now his power resign,
 I am the only god of wine ;
 It is not fit that wretch shou'd be
 In competition set with me,
 Who can drink ten times more than he.

II.

Make a new world, ye powers divine,
 Stock it with nothing else but wine :
 Let wine the only product be,
 Let wine be earth, be air and sea,
 And let that wine be all for me.

III.

Let lazy great ones of the town
 Drink night away,
 And sleep all day,
 Till gouty, gouty they are grown;
 Our daily works such vigour give,
 That nightly sports we oft revive,
 And kiss our dames
 With stronger flames
 Than any prince alive:
 Then we'll tofs off our bowls,
 To true love and honour,
 To all kind loving girls,
 And the lord of the manor.

WATTY and MADGE.

In Imitation of WILLIAM and MARGARET.

I.

TWAS at the shining mid-day hour,
 When all began to gaunt,
 That hunger rugg'd at *Watty's* breast,
 And the poor lad grew faint.

II.

His face was like a bacon ham
 That lang in reek had hung,
 And horn hard was his tawny hand
 That held his hazel-rung.

III.

So wad the fastest face appear
 Of the mairt dressy spark,
 And such the hands that lords wad hac,
 Were they kept close at wark.

IV.

His head was like a heathery bush
 Beneath his bonnet blue,
 On his braid cheeks, frae lug to lug,
 His bairdy bristles grew.

V.

But hunger like a gnawing worm,
Gade rumbling thro' his kyte,
And nothing now but solid gear
Cou'd give his heart delyte.

VI.

He to the kitchen ran with speed,
To his lov'd *Madge* he ran,
Sunk down into the chimney-nook -
With vilage four and wan.

VII.

Get up, he cries, my crishy love,
Support my sinking faul
With something that is fit to chew, -
Be't either het or caul.

VIII.

This is the how and hungry hour,
When the best cures for grief
Are cogue-fous of the lythy kail,
And a good junt of beef.

IX.

Oh *Watty*, *Watty*, *Madge* replies,
I but o'er justly trow'd
Your love was thowless, and that ye
For cake and pudding woo'd.

X.

Bethink thee, *Watty*, on that night,
When all were fast asleep,
How ye kifs'd me frae cheek to cheek,
Now leave these cheeks to dreep.

XI.

How cou'd ye ca' my hurdies fat,
And comfort of your fight?
How cou'd you roose my dimpled hand,
Now all my dimples slight?

XII.

Why did you promise me a snood,
To bind my locks sae brown?
Why did you me fine garters height,
Yet let my hose fa' down?

XIII.

O faithless *Watty*, think how aft
I ment your sarks and hose;
For you how mony bannocks stown,
How mony cogues of brose.

XIV.

But hark! — the kail bell rings, and I
Maun gae link aff the pot;
Come see, ye hath, how fair I sweat,
To stegh your guts, ye sot.

XV.

The grace was said, the master serv'd,
Fat *Madge* return'd again,
Blyth *Watty* raise and rax'd himsell,
And sidg'd he was sae fain.

XVI.

He hy'd him to the savoury bench,
Where a warm haggies stood,
And gart his gooly through the bag
Let out it's fat heart's blood.

XVII.

And thrice he cry'd, Come eat, dear *Madge*,
Of this delicious fare;
Synce claw'd it aff most cleverly,
Till he could eat nae mair.

CELIA in a Jessamine Bower.

WHEN the bright God of day
Drove westward his ray,
And the evening was charming and clear,
The swallows amain
Nimble skim o'er the plain,
And our shadows like giants appear.

II.

In a jessamine bower,
When the bean was in flower,
And *Zephyrs* breath'd odours around,
Lov'd *Celia* she sat
With her song and spinet,
And she charm'd all the grove with her sound.

III.

Rosy bowers she sung,
Whilst the harmony rung,
And the birds they all flutt'ring arrive,
The industrious bees,
From the flowers and trees,
Gently hum with their sweets to their hive.

IV.

The gay god of love,
As he flew o'er the grove,
By Zephyrs conducted along :
As he touch'd on the strings,
He beat time with his wings,
And echo repeated the song

II.

When bonny young *Johnny* came o'er the sea,
 He said he saw naithing sae lovely as me;
 He height me baith rings and mony braw things;
 And were na my heart light, I wad die.
He height, &c.

III.

He had a wee titty that loo'd na me,
 Because I was twice as bonny as she;
 She rais'd such a pother 'twixt him and his mother,
 That were na my heart light, I wad die.
She rais'd, &c.

IV.

The day it was fet, and the bridal to be,
 The wife took a dwam, and lay down to die;
 She main'd and she grain'd out of dolour and pain,
 Till he vow'd he never wad see me again.
She main'd, &c.

V.

His kin was for ane of a higher degree,
 Said, What had he to do with the like of me?
 Albeit I was bonny I was na for *Johnny*;
 And were na my heart light, I wad die.
Albeit I was, &c.

VI.

They said, I had neither cow nor ca'sf,
 Nor dribbles of drink rins through the draff,
 Nor pickles of meal rins through the mill eye:
 And were na my heart light, I wad die.
Nor pickles of, &c.

VII.

His titty she was baith wylie and flee,
 She spy'd me as I came o'er the lee:
 And then she ran in and made a loud din;
 Believe your ain een, an ye trow na me.
And then she, &c.

VIII.

His bonnet stood ay fou round on his brow,
 His auld ane looks ay as well as some's new:

JEANY.

Paty now delights mine eyes,
He with equal ardour dies,
Whose life to save I'd perish twice;
For kind *Paty* lo'es me.
Hey to Robin, &c.

ROBIN.

What if I *Kate* for thee disdain,
And former love return again,
To link us in the strongest chain;
For kind *Robin* lo'es thee.
Hey ho Jeany, &c.

JEANY.

Tho' *Paty's* kind, as kind can be,
And thou more stormy than the sea,
I'd chuse to live and die with thee,
If kind *Robin* lo'es me.
Hey ho Robin, &c.

O my heavy heart !

Tune, *The Broom of Cowdenknows.*

L.

O My heart, my heavy, heavy heart,
Swells as 'twou'd burst in twain!
No tongue can e'er describe its smart;
Nor I conceal its pain.

II

Blow on ye winds, descend, soft rains,
To sooth my tender grief:
Your solemn music lulls my pain,
And yields me short relief.
O my heart, &c.

III.

In some lone corner would I fit,
Retir'd from human kind ;
Since mirth, nor show, nor sparkling wit,
Can ease my anxious mind.
O my heart, &c.

IV.

The sun which makes all nature gay,
 Torments my weary eyes,
 And in dark shades I pass the day,
 Where echo sleeping lies.
O my heart, &c.

V.

The sparkling stars which gayly shine,
 And glittering deck the night,
 Are all such cruel foes of mine,
 I sicken at their sight.
O my heart, &c.

VI.

The gods themselves their creatures love,
 Who do their aid implore;
 O learn of them, and bless the nymph
 Who only you adore.
O my heart, &c.

VII.

The strongest passion of the mind,
 The greatest bliss we know,
 Arises from successful love,
 If not the greatest woe.
O my heart, &c.

Bellaspelling.

I.

ALL you that would refine your blood,
 As pure as fam'd *Leawelling*,
 By water clear, come every year,
 And drink at *Bellaspelling*.
 Tho' pox or itch your skin enrich
 With rubies past the telling,
 'Twill clear your skin, e'er you have been
 A month at *Bellaspelling*.

II.

Tho' ladies cheeks be green as leeks,
 When they come from their dwelling,
 The kindling rose within them blows
 While she's at *Bellaspelling*.

The fuddy brown just come from town,
Grows here as fresh as *Helen*;
Then back she goes to kill the beaux
By dint of *Bellaspelling*.

III.

Our ladies are as fresh and fair
As *Ros* or bright *Durkelling*,
And *Mars* might make a fair mistake;
Were he at *Bellaspelling*.
We must submit as they think fit,
And there is no rebelling;
The reason's plain, the ladies reign
Our queens at *Bellaspelling*.

IV.

By matchless charms and conquering arms,
They have the way of quelling
Such desperate foes, as dare oppose
Their power at *Bellaspelling*.
Cold water turns to fire, and burns,
I know't because I fell in
The happy stream where a fair dame
Did bathe at *Bellaspelling*.

V.

Fine beaux advance, equipt for dance,
And bring their *Anne* and *Nell* in
With so much grace, I'm sure no place
Can vie with *Bellaspelling*.
No politics, or subtle tricks,
No man his country selling;
We eat and drink and never think,
Like rogues at *Bellaspelling*.

VI.

The pain'd in mind, the puff'd with wind,
They all come here pell-mell in,
And they are sure to find a cure
By drinking *Bellaspelling*.
Tho' dropsy fill you to the gill,
From chin to toe high swelling,
Pour in, pour out, you need not doubt
A cure at *Bellaspelling*.

VII.

Death throws no darts in these good parts,
 No sextons here are knelling :
 Come judge and try, you'll never die
 While you are at *Bellaspelling*.
 Except you fill darts tip'd with steel,
 Which here are very belle in,
 When from their eyes sweet ruin flies,
 You die at *Bellaspelling*.

VIII.

Good cheer, good air, much joy, no care,
 Your sight, your taste and smelling,
 Your ears, your touch, transported much,
 Each day at *Bellaspelling*.
 Within this bound we all sleep sound,
 No noisy dogs are yelling,
 Except you wake for *Celia's* fake
 All night at *Bellaspelling*.

IX.

Here all you see, both he and she,
 No lady keeps her cell in,
 But all partake the mirth we make,
 Who live at *Bellaspelling*.
 My rhyme is gone, I think I've done,
 Unless I shou'd bring it cell in ;
 But since we're here to heaven so near,
 I can't at *Bellaspelling*.

The wand'ring Beauty.

1

TH E graces and the wand'ring loves
 Are hid to distant plains,
 To chace the fawns, or in the groves
 To wound admiring swains :
 With their bright *Mistress* there they stray,
 Who turns their careless eyes
 From daily victories ; yet each day
 Behold new triumphs in her way,
 And conquers as she flies,
And conquers, &c.

II.

But see! implor'd by moving prayers
 To change the lover's pain;
Venus her harness'd doves prepares,
 And brings the *Fair* again.
 Proud mortals who this *Maid* pursue,
 Think you she'll e'er resign?
 Cease, fools, your wishes to renew,
 'Till she grows flesh and blood like you,
 Or you like her divine,
 Or you, &c.

*The Sweet Temptation.*

I.

SA W ye the nymph whom I adore?
 Saw ye the goddess of my heart?
 And can you bid me love no more?
 And can you think I feel no smart!

II.

So many charms around her shine,
 Who can the sweet temptation fly?
 Spite of her scorn, she's so divine,
 That I must love her, though I die.



BONNY BARBARA ALLAN.

IT was in and about the *Martinmas* time,
 When the green leaves were a falling,
 That Sir *John Graeme* in the West country
 Fell in love with *Barbara Allan*.

II.

He sent his man down through the town,
 To the place where she was dwelling,
 O haste and come to my master dear,
 Gin ye be *Barbara Allan*.

III.

O hooly, hooly rose she up,
 To the place where he was lying,
 And when she drew the curtain by,
 Young man I think you're dying.

IV.

O its I'm sick, and very very sick,
 And 'tis a' for *Barbara Allan*.
 O the better for me ye's never be,
 Though your heart's blood were a spilling.

V.

O dinna ye mind, young man, said she,
 When ye was in the tavern a drinking,
 That ye made the healths gae round and round,
 And slighted *Barbara Allan*.

VI.

He turn'd his face unto the wall,
 And death was with him dealing;
 Adieu, adieu, my dear friends all,
 And be kind to *Barbara Allan*.

VII.

And slowly, slowly raise she up,
 And slowly, slowly left him;
 And sighing, said, she could not stay,
 Since death of life had rest him.

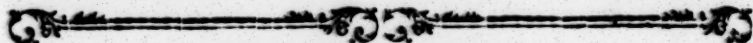
VIII.

She had not gane a mile but twa,
 When she heard the dead bell ringing,
 And every jow that the dead-bell gied,
 It cry'd, Woe to *Barbara Allan*.

IX.

O mother, mother, make my bed,
 O make it soft and narrow,
 Since my love dy'd for me to-day,
 I'll die for him to-morrow.

Apollo and *Bacchus* were both merry souls,
 Each of them delighted to toils off their bowls;
 Then let us, to shew ourselves mortals of merit,
 Be toasting these gods in a bowl of good claret,
 And then we shall each be deserving of praise:
 But the man that drinks most shall go off with the bays.



ON MASONRY.

I.

BY *Mason's* art, the aspiring dome
 In various columns shall arise;
 All climates are their native home,
 Their godlike actions reach the skies.
Heroes and *Kings* revere their name,
 And *Poets* sing their deathless fame.

II.

Great, gen'rous, noble, wise and brave,
 Are titles they most justly claim;
 Their deeds shall live beyond the grave,
 Which babes unborn shall loud proclaim;
 Time shall their glorious acts enroll,
 Whilst love and friendship charm the soul.



THE COQUET.

I.

FROM *Whyte's* and *Will's*,
 To purling rills,
 The love-sick *Strephon* flies;
 There full of woe,
 His numbers flow,
 And all in rhyme he dies.

II.

The fair coquet,
 With feign'd regret,
 Invites him back to town;

But when in tears
The lad appears,
She meets him with a frown.

III.

Full of the maid
This prank had play'd,
'Till angry *Strephon* swore,
And what is strange,
Though loth to change,
Would never see her more.

~~~~~  
*Gently Touch, &c.*

## I.

**G**ENTLY touch the warbling lyre,  
*Ghloe* seems inclin'd to rest,  
Fill her soul with fond desire,  
Softest notes will soothe her breast,  
Pleasing dreams assist in love,  
Let them all propitious prove.

## II.

On the mossy bank she lies,  
(Nature's verdant velvet bed)  
Beauteous flowers meet her eyes,  
Forming pillows for her head.  
*Zephyrs* waft their odours round,  
And indulging whispers sound.

~~~~~  
I M I T A T E D.

I.

GENTLY stir and blow the fire,
Lay the mutton down to roast:
Get me, quick, 'tis my desire,
In the dreeping pan a toast,
That my hunger may remove;
Mutton is the meat I love.

II.

On the dresser see it lies :

Oh the charming white and red !
Finer meat near met my eyes,

On the sweetest grass it fed :
Swiftly make the jack go round,
Let me have it nicely brown'd.

III.

On the table spread the cloth,

Let the knives be sharp and clean ;
Pickles get of every sort,

And a sallad crisp and green :
Then with small beer and sparkling wine,
O ye gods ! how I shall dine.

THE HAPPY BEGGAR.

Queen of the Beggars.

HOW blest are beggar-lasses,
Who never toil for treasure !
Who know no care, but how to share
Each day successive pleasure.
Drink away, let's be gay,
Beggars still with blifs abound,
Mirth and joy ne'er can cloy,
Whilst the sparkling glass goes round.

First Woman.

A fig for gaudy fashions,
No want of clothes oppresses ;
We live at ease with rags and fleas,
We value not our dresses.
Drink away, &c.

Second Woman.

We scorn all ladies washes,
With which they spoil each feature,
No patch nor paint our beauties want,
We live in simple nature.
Drink away, &c.

Third Woman.

No cholic, spleen, or vapours,
 At morn, or evening tease us;
 We drink no tea, or ratafia;
 When sick, a dram can ease us.
Drink away, &c.

Fourth Woman.

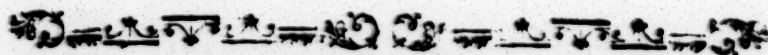
That ladies act in private,
 By nature's soft compliance;
 We think no crime, when in our prime,
 To kiss without a licence.
Drink away, &c.

Fifth Woman.

We know no shame or scandal,
 The beggars law befriends us;
 We all agree in liberty,
 And poverty defends us.
Drink away, &c.

Sixth Woman.

Like jolly beggar wenches,
 Thus, thus we drown all sorrow,
 We live to day, and ne'er delay
 Our pleasure till to morrow.
Drink away, &c.



LUCY and COLIN.

I.

O F *Liefter*, fam'd for maidens fair,
 Bright *Lucy* was the grace;
 Nor e'er did *Liffy's* limpid stream
 Reflect so sweet a face:
 'Till luckless love and pining care
 Impair'd her rosy hue,
 Her coral lips and damask cheeks,
 And eyes of glossy blue.

II.

Oh! have you seen a lily pale,
 When beating rains descend?
 So droop'd the flow-consuming maid,
 Her life was near an end.
 By *Lucy* warn'd, of flatt'ring swains
 Take heed, ye easy fair,
 Of vengeance due to broken vows,
 Ye perjur'd swains, beware.

III.

Three times, all in the dead of night,
 A bell was heard to ring;
 And shrieking at her window thrice,
 The raven flap'd his wing:
 Too well the love-lorn maiden knew
 The solemn boding sound,
 And thus in dying words bespoke,
 The virgins weeping round:

IV.

" I hear a voice you cannot hear,
 " Which says I must not stay;
 " I see a hand you cannot see,
 " Which beckons me away.
 " By a false heart and broken vows,
 " In early youth I die:
 " Was I to blame, because his bride
 " Was thrice as rich as I?

V.

" Ah *Colin*! give not her thy vows,
 " Vows due to me alone;
 " Nor thou, fond maid, receive his kiss,
 " Nor think him all thy own.
 " To-morrow in the church to wed,
 " Impatient both prepare:
 " But know, fond maid, and know, false man,
 " That *Lucy* will be there.

VI.

" Then bear my corse, my comrades dear,
 " This bridegroom blyth to meet ;
 " He in his wedding trim so gay,
 " I in my winding sheet."
 She spoke, she dy'd : her corse was born,
 The bridegroom blithe to meet ;
 He in his wedding-trim so gay,
 She in her winding-sheet.

VII.

Then what were perjur'd *Colin's* thoughts ?
 How were these nuptials kept !
 The bride's men flock'd round *Lucy* dead,
 And all the village wept.
 Confusion, shame, remorse, despair,
 At once his bosom swell :
 The damps of death bedew'd his brow,
 He shook, he groan'd, he fell.

VIII.

From the vain bride (ah bride no more !)
 The varying crimson fled,
 When stretch'd before her rival's corse,
 She saw her husband dead.
 Then to his *Lucy's* new made grave,
 Convey'd by trembling swains,
 One mold with her, beneath one sod,
 For ever now remains.

IX.

Oft at his grave, the constant hind,
 And plighted maids are seen,
 With garlands gay and true love knots :
 They deck the sacred green.
 But swain forsworn, whoe'er thou art,
 This hallow'd spot forbear ;
 Remember *Colin's* dreadful fate,
 And fear to meet him here.

DERMET'S Cronoch.

I.

ONE *Sunday* after mass,
Dermet and his lass
 To the *Greenwood* did pass,
 All alone, all alone,
 All alone, all alone, all alone.

II.

He ask'd for a pogue,
 And she call'd him a rogue,
 And struck him with her brogue,
 Ahon! ahon! ahon!

III.

Said he, my dear shoy,
 Why will you prove coy?
 Let us play, let us toy,
 All alone, all alone,
 All alone, all alone, all alone.

IV.

If I were so mild,
 You are so very wild,
 You would get me a shild.
 Ahon! ahon! ahon!

V.

He brib'd her with fruits,
 And he brib'd her with nuts,
 'Till a thorn prick'd her foots.
 Haloo! haloo! haloo! haloo!

VI.

Shall I pull it out!
 You will hurt me I doubt,
 And make me to shout.
 Haloo! haloo! haloo!

A Review of St. PAUL's Church,
COVENT GARDEN.

I

HAVING spent all my time
Upon women and wine,
I went to the church out of spite ;
But what the priest said
Is quite out of my head,
I resolv'd not to edify by't.

II.

All the women I view'd,
Both religious and lewd,
From the sible top-knot to the scarlets ;
An even wager I'd lay,
That at a foul play,
The house ne'er swarm'd so with harlots.

III.

Madam lovely I saw
With her daughters-in law,
Who she offers to sale ev'ry *Sunday* ;
In the midst of her prayers
She negotiates affairs,
And signs assignations for *Monday*.

IV.

Next a baron knight's daughter,
Whose own mother taught her,
By precept and practical notions,
To wear gaudy clothes,
And ogle the beaux,
Was at church, to shew signs of devotion.

V.

Next, a lady of fame,
Who we shall not name,
She'll give you no trouble in teaching ;
She has a very fine book,
But ne'er on it does look,
And regards neither praying nor preaching.

VI.

Madam fair there she sits,
 Almost out of her wits,
 Betwixt vice and devotion debating;
 She's as vicious as fair,
 And has no business there,
 To hear master *Tickle-text* prating.

VII.

From the corner of the square
 Comes a hopeful young pair,
 As religious as they see occasion;
 But if patches or paint
 Be true signs of a faint,
 We've no reason to fear their damnation.

VIII.

When thus he had done,
 He blest every one,
 With his benediction the people:
 So I run to the *Crown*,
 Lest the church shou'd fall down,
 And beat out my brains with the steeple.



S U S A N's Complaint and Remedy.

I.

AS down in the meadows I chanced to pass,
 Oh! there I beheld a young beautiful lass,
 Her age, I am sure, it was scarcely fifteen,
 And she on her head wore a garland of green;
 Her lips were like rubies; and as for her eyes
 They sparkled like diamonds, or stars in the skies,
 And as for her voice it was charming and clear,
 And she sung a song for the loss of her dear.

II

Why does my love *Willy* prove false and unkind?
 Ah! why does he change like the wavering wind,
 From one that is loyal in ev'ry degree?
 Ah! why does he change to another from me?

II.

Contented he work'd, and he thought himself happy
If at night he cou'd purchase a cup of brown nappy;
He'd laugh then and whistle, and sing too most sweet,
Saying, just to a hair I've made both ends meet.

Derry down, &c.

III.

But love the disturber of high and of low,
That shoots at the peasant as well as the beau,
He shot the poor cobbler quite thro' the heart,
I wish it had hit some more ignoble part.

Derry down, &c.

IV.

It was from a cellar this archer did play,
Where a buxom young damsel continually lay;
Her eyes shone so bright when she rose every day,
That she shot the poor cobbler straight over the way.

Derry down, &c.

V.

He sung her love songs as he sat at his work,
But she was as hard as a *Jew* or a *Turk* :
Whenever he spoke, she wou'd flounce, and wou'd tear,
Which put the poor cobbler quite into despair.

Derry down, &c.

VI.

He took up his awl, that he had in the world,
And to make away with himself was resolv'd,
He pierc'd thro' his body instead of the sole :
So the cobbler he dy'd, and the bell it did toll.

Derry down, &c.

The bonny Earl of MURRAY.

I.

Y Y Highlands and ye Lawlands,
Oh! where have you been ?
They have slain the Earl of *Murray*,
And they laid him on the green !
They have, &c.

I spent all my means
 On whores, bawds and queans :
 Then I got a commission to plunder.
Fall all de rall, &c.

II.

The hat I have on,
 So greasy is grown,
 Remarkable 'tis for its shining :
 'Tis stitch'd all about,
 Without button or loop,
 And never a bit of a lining.
Fall all de rall, &c.

III.

The coat I have on,
 So thread-bare is grown,
 So out at the arm-pits and elbows,
 That I look as absurd
 As a sailor on board,
 That has ly'n fifteen months in the bilbos.
Fall all de rall, &c.

IV.

My shirt it is tore
 Both behind and before,
 The colour is much like a cinder ;
 'Tis so thin and so fine,
 That it is my design
 To present it to the muses for tinder.
Fall all de rall, &c.

V.

My blue fustain breeches
 Are wore to the stitches,
 My legs you may see what's between them ;
 My pockets all four,
 I'm the son of a whore,
 If there's ever one farthing within them.
Fall all de rall, &c.

VI.

I've stockings 'tis true,
 But the devil a shoe,
 I'm oblig'd to wear boots in all weather ;

Be damn'd the boot sole,
Curse on the spur-roll,
Confounded be the upper leather.
Fall all de rail, &c.

VII.

Had you then but seen
The sad plight I was in,
Ye'd not seen such a poet amongst twenty;
I have nothing that's full,
But my shirt and my skull,
For my pockets and belly were empty.
Fall all de rail, &c.

*The Fumbler's Rant.*

I.

COME carls a', of fumblers ha',
And I will tell you of our fate,
Since we have married wives that's braw,
And canna please them when 'tis late:
A pint we'll take, our hearts to chear:
What fauts we have our wives can tell;
Gar bring us in baith ale and beer,
The auldest bairn we hae's our sell.

II.

Christ'ning of weans we are rid of,
The parish priest 'tis he can tell,
We aw him nought but a grey groat,
The off'ring for the house we dwell.
Our bairns' tocher is a' paid,
We're masters of the gear our sell;
Let either well or wae beude,
Here's a health to a' the wives that's yell.

III.

Our nibour's auld son and the lass,
Into the barn amang the strae,
He grips her in the dark beguets,
And after that comes meikle wae.

Repentance ay comes afterhin',
 It cost the carl baith corn and hay;
 We're quat of that with little din,
 Sic crosses haunt ne'er you nor I.

IV.

Now merry, merry may we be,
 When we think on our nibour *Robie*,
 The way the carl does, we see,
 Wi' his auld son and his daughter *Maggy*:
 Boots he maun hae, pistols, why not?
 The huffy maun hae corkit shoon:
 We are not fae; gar fill the pot,
 We'll drink to a' the hours at e'en.

V.

Here's a health to *John Mackay* we'll drink,
 To *Hughie, Andrew, Rab* and *Tam*:
 We'll sit and drink, we'll nod and wink,
 It is o'er soon for us to gang.
 Foul fa the cock, he's spilt the play,
 And I do trow he's but a fool,
 We'll sit a while, 'tis lang to day,
 For a' they rave at *Tool*.

VI.

Since we have met, we'll merry be,
 The foremost hame shall bear the mell;
 I'll set me down, lest I be fee,
 For fear that I should bear't my sell.
 And I, quoth *Rob*, and down sat he,
 The gear shall never me out ride,
 But we'll take a sowp of the barley-bree,
 And drink to our yell fire-side.

The Matron's Wish.

I.

WHEN my locks are grown hoary,
 And my visage looks pale;
 When my forehead has wrinkles,
 And my eye-sight does fail;

Let my words and my actions
 Be free from all harm,
 And may I have my old husband
 To keep my back warm.

C H O R U S.

*The pleasures of youth
 Are flowers but of May;
 Our life's but a vapour,
 Our body's but clay:
 O let me live well,
 Tho' I live but a day.*

II.

With a sermon on Sunday,
 And a bible of good print;
 With a pot on the fire,
 And good viands in't;
 With ale, beer and brandy,
 Both winter and summer,
 To drink to my gossip,
 And be pledg'd by my cummer.
The pleasures of, &c.

III.

With pigs and with poultry,
 And some money in store,
 To purchase the needful,
 And to give to the poor:
 With a bottle of *Canary*
 To sip without sin,
 And to comfort my daughter
 Whene'er she lies in.
The pleasures of, &c.

IV.

With a bed soft and easy
 To rest on at night,
 With a maid in the morning
 To rise with the light.

To do her work neatly,
 And obey my desire,
 To make the house clean,
 And blow up the fire.

The pleasures of, &c.

V.

With health and content,
 And a good easy chair;
 With a thick hood and mantle,
 When I ride on my mare.
 Let me dwell near my cup-board,
 And far from my foes,
 With a pair of glass eyes
 To clap on my nose.

The pleasures of, &c.

VI.

And when I am dead,
 With a sigh let them say,
 Our honest old cummer's
 Now laid in the clay:
 When young, she was chearful,
 No scold, nor no whore;
 She assisted her neighbours,
 And gave to the poor.

Tho' the flower of her youth

In her age did decay,

Tho' her life like a vapour

Transish'd away,

She liv'd well and happy

Unto her last day.

The free Masons Song.

I.

COME let us prepare,
 We *Brothers* that are
 Assembled, on merry occasion:
 Let's drink, laugh and sing,
 Our wine has a spring;
 Here's a health to an accepted mason.

II.

The world is in pain
 Our secret to gain,
 And still let them wonder and gaze on:
 They ne'er can divine
 The word, or the sign,
 Of a free and an accepted mason.

III.

'Tis this and 'tis that,
 They cannot tell what,
 Why so many great men of the nation
 Should aprons put on,
 To make themselves one,
 With a free and an accepted mason.

IV.

Great kings, dukes and lords,
 Have laid by their swords,
 Our myst'ry to put a good grace on,
 And ne'er been ashamed
 To hear themselves nam'd
 With a free and an accepted mason.

V.

Still firm to our trust,
 In friendship we're just,
 Our actions we guide by our reason:
 By observing this rule,
 The passions move cool
 Of a free and an accepted mason.

VI.

All idle debate
 About church or the state,
 The springs of impiety and treason:
 These raisers of strife
 Ne'er ruffle the life
 Of a free and an accepted mason.

VII.

Antiquity's pride
 We have on our side,
 Which adds high renown to our station:

C H O R U S.

*Then why should we quarrel for riches,
Or any such glittering toy?
A light heart and a thin pair of breeches
Goes thorow the world, brave boy.*

II

The world is a beautiful garden,
Enrich'd with the blessings of life,
The toiler with plenty rewarding,
Which plenty too often breeds strife.
When terrible tempests assail us,
And mountainous billows affright;
No grandeur or wealth can avail us,
But skilful industry steers right.
Then why should, &c.

III.

The courtier's more subject to dangers,
Who rules at the helm of the state,
Than we, that to politics are strangers
Escape the snares laid for the great.
The various blessings of nature,
In various nations we try:
No mortal than us can be greater,
Who merrily live till we die.
Then why should &c.

*A Love Song in the Modern Taste,
By Dr. S W I F T.*

I.

FLUTT'RING spread thy purple pinions,
Gentle *Cupid*, o'er my heart;
I a slave in thy dominions,
Nature must give way to art.

II.

Mild *Arcadians*, ever blooming,
Nightly nodding o'er your flocks,
See my weary days consuming
All beneath yon flowery rocks.

III.

Thus the *Cyprian* goddess weeping,
Mourn'd *Adonis*, darling youth,
Him the boar, in silence creeping
Gor'd with unrelenting tooth.

IV.

Cynthia, tune harmonious numbers,
Fair *Discretion*, string the lyre,
Soothe. my ever waking numbers,
Bright *Apello*, lend thy choir.

V.

Gloomy *Pluto*, king of terrors,
Arm'd in adamantine chains,
Lead me to the chrystal mirrors
Wat'ring soft *Elysian* plains.

VI.

Mournful cypress, verdant willow,
Gilding my *Aurelia's* brows,
Morpheus hov'ring o'er my pillow,
Hear me pay my dying vows.

VII.

Melancholy, smooth Meander
Swiftly purling in a round,
On thy margin lovers wander,
With thy flow'ry chaplets crown'd.

VIII.

Thus when *Philomela* drooping,
Softly seeks her silent mate ;
See the birds of *Juno* stooping :
Melody resigns to fate.



SILVIA and the Flask.

I Thank thee, my friend,
That at length you declare,
Why *Sylvia's* so coy
As to shun me with care.

I mus'd every night,
And rack'd my poor soul,
To find out the cause
Of a falsehood so foul.

II.

But she tells me she cannot
With claret agree,
That she thinks of a hoghead
Whene'er she sees me :
That I smell like a beast,
And therefore that I
Must resolve to forsake her
Or claret, good claret deny.

III.

Ye gods ! was e'er it known
That beads smell'd of wine ?
They brutishly abhor
A liquor so divine :
'Tis when we are most beasts,
When like them in common,
We eagerly go a hunting
For the next lewd woman.

IV.

Must I leave my dear bottle,
That has been ever my friend,
Which prolongs all my joys,
To my grief puts an end ?
Which inspires me with wit,
And makes me so sublime,
That there's none are like us
That drink the best wine.

V.

But *Silvia*, whom nature
So perfect has made,
Has no room left for wishes,
New beauties to add.
Must I leave her ? I'm sorry,
It is too hard a task ;
Yet she may go to the devil,
Bring me the other task.

But don't ye dare to speak me fair,
As tho' I were at my last pray'r,
To marry a farmer's son.

III.

My father has riches in store,
Two hundred a year and more,
Besides sheep and cows, carts, harrows and ploughs,
His age is above threescore :
And when he gives way, then merrily I
Shall have what he has won ;
Both land and kine, and all shall be thine,
If thou'lt incline, and wilt be mine,
And marry a farmer's son.

IV.

A fig for your cattle and corn,
You're proffer'd love I scorn ;
'Tis known very well, my name is *Nelly*,
And you're but a bumkin born.
Well, since it is so, away I will go,
And I hope no harm is done :
Farewell, adieu, I hope to woo
As good as you, and win her too,
Tho' I'm but a farmer's son.

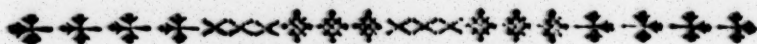
V.

Be not in such haste, quoth she,
Perhaps we may still agree :
For, man, I protest, I was but in jest,
Come prithee sit down by me ;
For thou art the man that verily can
Perform what must be done,
Both straight and tall, genteel withal ;
Therefore I shall be at your call
To marry a farmer's son.

VI.

Dear *Nelly*, believe me now,
I solemnly swear and vow,
No lords in their lives take pleasure in their wives
Like fellows that drive the plough.

For whatever they gain with labour and pain,
 They don't to harlots run,
 As courtiers do; I never knew
 A *London* beau that cou'd outdo
 A country farmer's son.



The Angel Woman.

I.

W H E N thy beauty appears
 With its graces and airs,
 All bright as an *Angel*
 New dropt from the sky;
 At a distance I gaze,
 And am aw'd by my fears!
 So strangely you dazzle mine eye!

II.

But when without art
 Your thoughts you impart,
 When your love runs in blushes
 Through every vein,
 When it darts from your eyes,
 When it pants from your heart,
 Then I know you are a *Woman* again.

III.

There's a passion and pride
 In our sex she reply'd,
 And thus (might I gratify both)
 I would do,
 Still an *Angel* appear
 To each lover beside,
 But still be a *Woman* to you.



ROGER'S COURTSHIP.

Y O U N G Roger came tapping
 At Dolly's window,
Tumpaty, Tumpaty, Tun-p.

He begg'd for admittance,
 She answer'd him, no ;
Clumpaty, Clumpaty, Clump.
 My *Dolly*, my dear,
 Your true love is here,
Dumpty, Dumpty, Dump.
 No, no, *Roger*, no,
 As you came you may go,
Slumpaty, Slumpaty, Slump.

II.

Oh what is the reason,
 Dear *Dolly* ? he cry'd :
Humpaty, &c.
 That thus I am cast off,
 And unkindly deny'd :
Trumpaty, &c.
 Some rival more dear
 I guess has been here :
Crumpty, &c.
 Suppose there's been two, Sir,
 Pray what's that to you, Sir ?
Numpaty, &c.

III.

Oh ! then with a sad look
 His farewell he took :
Humpaty, &c.
 And all in despair
 He leap'd into the brook :
Plumpaty, &c.
 His courage he cool'd,
 He found himself fool'd :
Mumpaty, &c.
 He swam to the shore,
 And saw *Dolly* no more :
Rumpaty, &c.

IV.

Oh ! then she recall'd,
 And recall'd him again :
Humpaty, &c.

Whilst he like a madman

Ran over the plain :

Slumpty, &c.

Determin'd to find

A damsel more kind :

Plumpty, &c.

While *Dolly* afraid

She must die an old maid :

Mumpty, &c.



Jump at a Crust.

I.

A S I am a friend,
Be willing to lend

An ear to these lines,

Which in pity I pen'd.

'Tis a cordial advice,

Girls be not too nice,

Young lovers are now

At another gate price

Than they have been.

II.

I pray you refrain

Your scorn and disdain,

If young men you slight,

They'll slight you again.

They'll make you run mad,

Sigh heavy and sad,

There are not so many

Young men to be had

As there have been.

III.

Perhaps you suppose

Fine furbelow'd clothes

Will serve for a portion :

But under the rose,

If truth may be spoke,
 'Tis but a mere joke,
 For love without money
 Will vanish like smoke,
 Let me tell ye.

IV.

The country clown,
 When he comes to town,
 He values not miss
 With her butterfly gown ;
 I tell you it wont do,
 There must be a few
 Bright glittering guineas,
 A thousand or two,
 Or he'll leave ye.

V.

Young men are grown wise,
 A portion they prize,
 They're done with the charms
 Of your conquering eyes.
 A portion ! they cry,
 If love you would buy ;
 In order to purchase,
 You then must bid high,
 Or live single.

VI.

Once batchelors they
 Did sigh, whine and pray ;
 But still were put off
 With a scornful delay.
 Down with your dust,
 A portion there must ;
 Poor girls wou'd be glad
 To jump at a crust,
 Cou'd ye get it.

MERRY BEGGARS.

First Beggar.

I Once was a poet at *London*,
 I kept my heart still full of glee;
 There's no man can say that I'm undone,
 For begging's no new trade to me.
Tol derol, &c.

Second beggar.

I once was an attorney at law,
 And after a knight of the post;
 Give me a brisk wench and clean straw,
 And I value not who rules the roast.
Tol derol, &c.

Third beggar,

Make room for a soldier in buff,
 Who valiantly strutted about,
 Till he fancy'd the peace breaking off,
 And then he most wisely fold out.
Tol derol, &c.

Fourth beggar.

Here comes a courtier polite. Sir,
 Who flatter'd my Lord to his face;
 Now railing is all his delight Sir,
 Because he miss'd getting a place.
Tol derol, &c.

Fifth beggar.

I still am a merry gut scraper,
 My heart never yet felt a qualm;
 Tho' poor, I can frolic and vapour,
 And sing any tune but a psalm.
Tol derol, &c.

Sixth beggar.

I was a fanatical preacher,
 I turn'd up my eyes when I pray'd:
 But my hearers half starv'd their teacher,
 For they believ'd not one word that I said.
Tol derol, &c.

First beggar.

Whoe'er would be merry and free
 Let him list, and from us he may learn;
 In palaces who shall you see
 Half so happy as we in a barn?
Tol derol, &c.

CHORUS of all

Whoe'er would be merry, &c.

To Signora CUZZONI.

I.

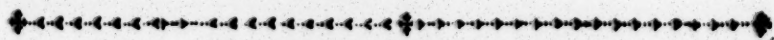
LITTLE Syren of the stage,
 Charmer of an idle age,
 Empty warbler, breathing lyre,
 Wanton gale of fond desire;

II.

Bane of every manly art,
 Sweet enfeebler of the heart:
 Oh too pleasing is thy strain!
 Hence to southern climes again.

III.

Tuneful mischief, vocal spell,
 To this Island bid farewell:
 Leave us as we ought to be,
 Leave the Britons rough and free.



HAPPINESS.

Tune, To all you ladies now at hand.

MY dearest maid, since you desire
 To know what I would wish,
 What store of health I would require,
 To gain true happiness,
 This faithful inventory take
 Of all that life can easily make.

O 2

II.

Here happy only are the few
Who wish to live at home,
Who never do extend their view
Beyond their small income :
An income which should ever be
The fruit of honest industry.

III.

A soul serene and free from fears,
With no contentions vex'd,
Nor yet with vain and anxious cares
To be at all perplex'd.
A body that's with health endow'd,
An open temper, yet not rude.

IV

A heart that's always circumspect,
Unknowing to deceive,
Yet ever wisely can reflect,
Not easy to believe,
As to my dress, let it be plain,
Yet always neat without a stain.

V.

A cleanly hearth and chearful fire
To drive away the cold,
A moderate glass one would require
When merry tales are told :
The company of an easy friend,
My like in fortune and in mind.

VI.

Some shelves of books of the right kind,
For knowledge and delight,
Not intricate, nor interlin'd
With narrow party spite :
A garden fair, to paint me clear
Nature's gradations through the year.

VII.

To give true relish to delight,
A chaste and chearful wife,
With sweetest humour to unite
Our hearts as long as life :

Sound sleep, whose kind delusive turn
Shall join the evening to the morn.

VII.

So would we live agreeably
And ever be content,
To PROVIDENCE ay thankful be
For all these blessings lent.
O sov'reign power! but grant me this,
No more I'll ask, no more I'll wish.

S M I R K Y N A N.

A H! woes me, poor *Willy* cry'd,
See how I'm wasted to a span?
My heart I lost, when first I spy'd
The charming lovely milk maid *Nan*.
I'm grown so weak a gentle breeze
Of dusky *Roger's* winnowing fan
Would blow me o'er yon beechy trees,
And all for thee my smirky *Nan*.

II

The ale-wife misses me of late,
I us'd to take a hearty can;
But I can neither drink nor eat,
Unless 'tis brew'd and bak'd by *Nan*.
The baker makes the best of breads,
The flour he takes and leaves the bran;
The bran is every other maid
Compar'd with thee, my smirky *Nan*.

III.

But Dick o' the green, that nasty lown,
Last Sunday to my mistress ran,
He snatch'd a kiss: I knock'd him down,
Which hugely pleas'd my smirky *Nan*.
But hark! the roaring foger comes,
And rattles *tantara tarran*,
She leaves her cows for noisy drums,
Woes me! I've lost my smirky *Nan*.

T A R R Y W O O.

T A R R Y woo, tarry woo,
 Tarry woo is ill to spin,
 Card it well, card it well,
 Card it well ere ye begin.
 When 'tis carded, row'd, and spun,
 Then the work is hastens done;
 But when woven, dress'd, and clean,
 It may be cleading for a queen.

II.

Sing, my bonny harmless sheep,
 That feed upon the mountains steep,
 Bleating sweetly as you go
 Thro' the winter's frost and snow;
 Hart, and hynd and fallow-deer,
 No by ha'f so useful are:
 Frae kings to him that hauds the plow,
 Are all oblig'd to tarry woo.

III.

Up, ye shepherds, dance and skip,
 O'er the hills and valleys trip,
 Sing up the praise of tarry woo,
 Sing the flocks that bear it too:
 Harmless creatures without blame,
 That clead the back and cram the wame,
 Keeps us warm and hearty fou;
 Leese me on the tarry woo.

IV.

How happy is the shepherd's life,
 Far frae courts and free of strife,
 While the gimmers bleat and bae,
 And the lambkins answer mae:
 No such music to his ear,
 Of thief or fox he has no fear;
 Sturdy kent, and colly too,
 Will defend the tarry woo.

V.

He lives content, and envies none ;
 Not even a monarch on his throne.
 Tho' he the royal sceptre sways,
 Has not sweeter holidays,
 Who'd be a king, can ony tell,
 When a shepherd sings sae well ;
 Sings sae well, and pays his due,
 With honest heart and tarry woo.



ON HENRIETTA'S Recovery.

Tune, My deary if thou die.

IF heaven, its blessings to augment,
 Call Henny to the skies,
 Hence from the earth flies all content,
 The moment that she dies ;
 For in this earth their is no fair
 Can give such joy to me ;
 How great must then be my despair,
 My *Henny*, an thou die ?

II

But now pale sickness leaves her face,
 And now my charmer smiles ;
 New beauty heightens ev'ry grace,
 And all my fear beguiles :
 The bounteous powers have heard the pray'rs
 I daily made for thee,
 Like them be kind, and ease my cares,
 Else I myself must die.

*Hodge of the Mill and buxom Nell.*

YOUNG Roger of the mill,
 One morning very soon,
 Put on his best apparel,
 New hose and clouted shoon ;

And he a wooing came,
 To bonny buxom *Nell*.
 Dear lass cries he, cou'dst fancy me,
 I like thee wond'rous well.

: II.

My horses I have dress'd,
 And gi'en them corn and hay,
 Put on my best apparel;
 And having come this way,
 Let's sit and chat a while
 With thee, my bonny *Nell*.
 Dear lass cries he, cou'dst fancy me,
 I'll like thy person well.

III.

Young *Roger*, you're mist'ken,
 The damiel then reply'd,
 I'm not in such a haste
 To be a ploughman's bride;
 Know I then live in hopes
 To marry a farmer's son;
 If it be so, says *Hodge*, I'll go;
 Sweet mistress, I have done.

IV

Your horses you have dress'd,
 Good *Hodge*, I heard you say,
 Put on your best apparel;
 And being come this way,
 Then let us chat a while.
 O no indeed, not I,
 I'll neither wait, nor sit, nor prate,
 I've other fish to fry.

V.

Go take your farmer's son,
 With all my honest heart:
 What tho' my name be *Roger*,
 That goes at plough and cart?
 I need not tarry long,
 I soon may gain a wife:
 There's buxom *Joan*, it is well known,
 She loves me as her life.

*There's Dunkson, Davyson, Robie Carniel,
The lass with the petticoat dances right well,
Sing Stidrum, Southrum, Suthrum, Story,
An ye dance ory mair, we'se tell mests Johnny.
Sing, &c.*



The wise Penitent.

Sung by Mr. GAY.

DAPHNIS stood pensive in the shade;
With arms across, and head reclin'd;
Pale looks accus'd the cruel maid.
And sighs reliev'd his love-sick mind;
His tuneful pipe all broken lay,
Looks, sighs and actions seem'd to say,
My *Chloe* is unkind.

II.

Why ring the woods with warbling throats!
Ye larks, ye linnets, cease your strains;
I faintly hear in your soft notes
My *Chloe's* voice, that wakes my pains.
But why should you your songs forbear?
Your mates delight your song to hear,
But *Chloe* mine disdains.

III.

As thus he melancholy stood
Dejected, as the lonely dove,
Sweet sound broke gently thro' the wood,
I feel a sound my heart strings move:
'Twas not the nightingale that sung;
No, 'tis *Chloe's* sweeter tongue:
Hark! hark! what says my love?

IV.

How simple is the nymph she cries,
Who trifles with her lover's pain?
Nature still speaks in womens eyes,
Our artful lips are made to feign.

Oh *Daphnis* ! *Daphnis* ! 'twas my pride,
'Twas not my heart thy love deny'd :
Come back, dear youth, again.

V.

As t'other day my hand he seiz'd,
My blood with trickling motion flew,
Sudden I put on looks displeas'd
And hasty from his hold withdrew :
'Twas fear alone, thou simple swain ;
Then hadst thou press'd my hand again
My heart had yielded too.

VI.

'Tis true, thy tuneful reed I blam'd,
That swell'd thy lip and rosy cheek ;
Think not thy skill in song detam'd,
Thy lip should other pleasures seek.
Much, much thy music I approve,
Yet break thy pipe, for more I love
Much more to hear thee speak.

VII.

My heart forbodes that I'm betray'd ;
Daphnis, I fear, is ever gone !
Last night with *Deliah's* dog he play'd ;
Love by such trifles first comes on,
Now, now, dear shepherd come away.
My tongue would now my heart betray.
Ah *Chloe* ! thou art won.

VIII.

The youth stept forth with hasty pace,
And found where wishing *Chloe* lay ;
Shame sudden light'ned in her face,
Confus'd she knew not what to say :
At last, in broken words she cry'd,
To-morrow you in vain had try'd,
But I am lost to day.

Old DARBY.

An advice to CHLOE.

I.

DE A R *Chloe*, while thus beyond measure
 You treat me with doubts and disdain,
 You rob all your youth of its pleasure,
 And hoard up an old age of pain;
 Your maxim that love is still founded
 On charms that will quickly decay,
 You'll find to be very ill grounded,
 When once you its dictates obey.

II.

The love that from beauty is drawn,
 By kindness you ought to improve;
 Soft looks and gay smiles are the dawn
 Fruition the sun shine of love.
 And tho' the bright beams of your eyes
 Should be clouded that now are so gay,
 And darkness obscure all the skies,
 You ne'er can forget it was day.

III.

Old Darby, with Joan by his side,
 You have often regarded with wonder,
 He's dropfical, she is dim-eye'd,
 Yet they're ever uneasy asunder:
 Together they totter about,
 Or sit in the sun at the door:
 And at night when old Darby's pot's out,
 His Joan will not smoke a whiff more.

IV.

No beauty nor wit they possess,
 Their several failings to cover
 Then, what are the charms, can you guess,
 That make them so fond of each other?
 'Tis the pleasing remembrance of youth,
 The endearments that youth did bestow,
 The thoughts of past pleasure and truth,
 The best of our blessings below.

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V.

Those traces for ever will last,
No sickness or time can remove :
For when youth and beauty are past,
And age brings the winter of love,
A friendship insensibly grows,
By reviews of such raptures as these ;
The current of fondness still flows,
Which decrepit old age cannot freeze.



The modern Marriage Question.

I

HAPPY the world in that blest age,
When beauty was not bought and sold,
When the fair mind was uninflam'd
With the mean thirst of baneful gold.
With the mean thirst, &c.

11.

Then the kind shepherd when he sigh'd,
The swain, whose dog was all his wealth,
Was not by cruel parents forc'd
To breathe the am'rous vow by stealth.
To breathe, &c.

III.

Now the first question fathers ask,
When for their girls fond lovers sue,
Is, *What's the settlement you'll make?*
You're poor! — *he flings the door at you.*
You're poor, &c.

The Country Wake.

I'll sing you a ditty, and warrant it true,
Give but attention unto me a while,
Of transactions in court, and in country too,
Toilsome pleasure, and pleasing toil:
VOL. II. P

Accept it, I pray, as your help-mates you take,
 To some 'twill give joy,
 And to me others annoy :
 All's fair at a country wake.
All's fair, &c.

II.

Many ladies at court are sty'd unpolite,
 Because truly virtuous and prone to no ill ;
 Whilst others, who sparkle in diamonds bright,
 Are flipp'd of their pride at ballet or quadrille.
 Till their losses at play do their lords credit shake :
 Then their toys to recover,
 They'll grant the last favour :
 Strange news at a country wake.
Strange news, &c.

III.

Here most of our gentlemen patriots are,
 Tho' very bad statesmen, I freely confess,
 They design harm to none, but a fox or a hare,
 And are always found loyal in war and in peace.
 The farmer's industry does earth fertile make ;
 The husbandman's plowing,
 His planting and sowing,
 Gets health and good cheer at a country wake.
Gets health, &c.

IV.

Our maids blooming fair, without washes or paints,
 From neighbouring villages hither resort,
 They kiss sweet as roses, yet virtuous as saints ;
 (Who can say more for the ladies at court ?)
 No worldly cares vex them asleep or awake,
 But their time they improve
 In peace and true love,
 And innocent mirth at a country wake.
And innocent, &c.

V.

The schemes of a courtier are full of intrigues :
 Here all's fair and open, dark deeds we despise,
 Set rural contentment 'gainst courtly fatigue,
 Who chafes the former is happy and wise :

Now let's pray for the king, and, for *Britain's* sake,
 From all factions free,
 May his subjects agree,
 As well at the court as the country wake.
As well, &c.

+++++

Oaths in fashion.

CUSTOM prevailing so long 'mongst the great,
 Makes oaths easy potions to swallow;
 Which many (on gaining good places) repeat,
 Without e'er designing to keep one.
 For an oath's seldom kept, as a virgin's fair fame,
 A lover's fond vows, or a prelate's good name;
 A lawyer to truth, or a statesman from blame,
 Or a patriot's heart in a courtier.

The terrible Law.

I.

THE terrible law when it fastens its paw
 On a poor man, it grips till he's undone;
 And what I am doing may prove to my ruin,
 Tho' rich as the lord mayor of *London*,

II.

Therefore I'll be wary what message I carry,
 Unless we first make a sure zure bargain;
 I will be dempnified, thorowly satisfied,
 That ch'an shan't zuffer a varding.

The Play of Love.

First Act

THE play of love is now begun,
 And thus the actions do go on;
Strophon, enamour'd, courts the fair,
 She hears him with a careless air,
 And smiles to find him in love's snare.

Second Act.

The act tune play'd, they meet again,
 Here pity moves her for his pain,
 Which she evades with some pretence,
 And thinks she may with love dispense,
 But pants to hear a man of sense.

Third Act.

The third approach her lover makes,
 She colours up whene'er she speaks;
 But with feign'd flights she puts him by,
 And faintly cries, she can't comply,
 Altho' she gives her heart the ly.

Fourth Act.

Now the plot rises, he seems shy,
 As if some other fair he'd try;
 At which she swells with spleen and fear,
 Lest some more wise his love shou'd share,
 Which yet no woman e'er can bear.

Fifth Act.

The last act now is wrought so high,
 That thus it crowns the lover's joy;
 She does no more his passion shun,
 He straight into her arms does run:
 The curtain falls, the play is done.



FANNY Fair.

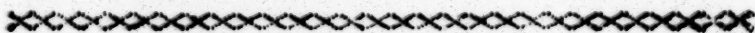
TO *Fanny* fair could I impart
 The cause of all my woe!
 That beauty which has won my heart,
 She scarcely seems to know:
 Unskill'd in the art of womankind,
 Without design she charms;
 How can those sparkling eyes be blind,
 Which every bosom warms?

II.

She knows her power is all deceit,
 The conscious blushes thows,
 Those blushes to the eye more sweet
 Than th' op'ning budding rose,
 Yet the delicious fragrant rose,
 That charms the sense so much,
 Upon a thorny briar grows,
 And wounds with ev'ry touch.

III.

At first when I beheld the fair,
 With raptures I was blest;
 But as I would approach more near,
 At once I lost my rest;
 Th' enchanting sight, the sweet surprize,
 Prepare me for my doom;
 One cruel look from those bright eyes
 Will lay me in my tomb.

*The Bottle preferred.*

I.

PROUD woman, I scorn you,
 Brisk wine's my delight,
 I'll drink all the day.
 And I'll revel all night.

II.

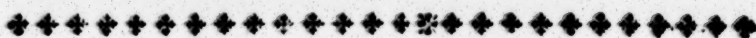
As great as a monarch,
 The moments I pass,
 The bottle's my globe,
 And my scepter's the glass.

III.

The table's my throne,
 And the tavern's my court,
 The drawer's my subject.
 And drinking's my sport.

IV.

Here's the chief of all joy,
Here's a mistress ne'er coy;
Dear cure of all sorrows,
And life of all bliss:
I'm a king when I hug you,
But more when I kiss.



Tippling JOHN.

L.

A Stippling *John* was jogging on,
Upon a riot night,
With tottering pace, and fiery face,
Suspicious of high flight ;
The guards, who took him by his look
For some chief fiery-brand,
Ask'd, whence he came ? what was his name ?
Who are you ? Stand, friend, stand.

II.

I'm going home, from meeting come,
Ay, says one, that's the case;
Some meeting he has burnt, you see
The flame's still in his face.
John thought it time to purge his crime,
And said, my chief intent
Was to assuage my thirsty rage,
I th' meeting that I meant.

III.

Come, friend, be plain, you trifle in vain,
Says one, pray let us know,
That we may find how you're inclin'd;
Are you high church or low?
John said to that, I'll tell you what,
To end debates and strife,
All I can say, this is the way
I steer my course of life.

IV.

I ne'er to *Bow*, nor *Burgess* go,
 To steeple house nor hall,
 The brisk bar bell best suits my zeal
 With gentlemen, d'ye call;
 Guess then, am I low church or high,
 From that tow'r, or no steeple,
 Whose merry toll exalts the soul,
 And must make high flown people?

V.

The guards came on, and look'd at *John*
 With countenance most pleasant,
 By whisper round they all soon found
 He was no damag'd peasant,
 Thus while *John* stood the best he cou'd,
 Expecting their decision;
 Damn him, says one, let him be gone,
 He's of our own religion.

B E L I N D A.

I.

WOUL'D fate to me *Belinda* give,
 With her alone I'd chuse to live,
 Variety I'd ne'er require,
 Nor a greater, nor a greater,
 Nor a greater bliss desire.

II.

My charming nymph, if you can find
 Amongst the race of human kind,
 A man that loves you more than I,
 I'll resign you, I'll resign you,
 I'll resign you, tho' I die.

III.

Let my *Belinda* fill my arms,
 With all her beauty all her charms; -
 With scorn and pity I'd look down
 On the glories, on the glories,
 On the glories of a crown.

Beauty and Rigour.

I.

THE nymph that undoes me is fair and unkind,
 No less than a wonder by nature design'd;
 She's the grief of my heart, and the joy of my eye,
 And the cause of a flame that never can die.
And the cause, &c.

II.

Her mouth, from whence wit still obligingly flows,
 Has the beautiful blush, and the smell of the rose;
 Love and destiny both attend on her will,
 She wounds with a look, with a frown she can kill.
She wounds, &c.

III.

The desperate lover can hope no redress,
 Where *Beauty and Rigour* are both in excess;
 In *Silvia* they meet, so unhappy am I,
 Who sees her must love, who loves her must die.
Who sees her, &c.

The Rival.

I.

OF all the torment all the care,
 By which our lives are curst,
 Of all the sorrows that we bear,
 A *Rival* is the worst.
 By partners in another kind
 Afflictions-easier grow,
 In love alone we hate to find
 Companions in our woe.

II.

Silvia, for all the griefs you see
 Arising in my breast,
 I beg not that you'd pity me,
 Would you but fight the rest.
 Howe'er severe your rigours are,
 Alone with them I'd cope,
 I can endure my own despair,
 But not another's hope.

Hunting Song going out.

I.

HARK! away, 'tis the merry tun'd horn
 Calls the hunters all up with the morn;
 To the hills and the woodlands they flee,
 To unharbour the out lying deer

CHORUS of Huntsmen.

*All the day long,
 This, this is our song,
 Still hallooing,
 And following;
 So frolic and free,
 Our joys know no bounds,
 While we're after the hounds.
 No mortals on earth are so jolly as we.*

II.

Round the woods when we beat, how we glow,
 While the hills they all echo hillo;
 With a bounce from his cover when he flies,
 Then our shouts they resound to the skies.
All the day, &c.

III.

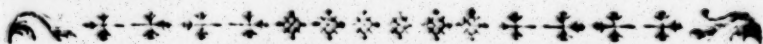
When we sweep o'er the valleys, or climb
 Up the heath breathing mountain sublime,
 What a joy from our labour we feel!
 Which alone they who taste can reveal.
All the day, &c.

The Return from the Chase.

THE sweet rosy morn peeps over the hills,
 With blushes adorning the meadows and fields;
 The merry, merry, merry horn calls, Come, come away,
 Awake from your slumbers and hail the new day.
The merry, &c.

II.

Prithce, *Cynthia*, look behind you,
 Age and wrinkles will o'ertake you;
 Then too late, desire will find you
 When the power must forsake you.
 Think upon the sad condition
 To be past yet with fruition.

*Nought but Love.*

I

THE sun was sunk beneath the hill,
 The western clouds were lin'd with gold,
 The sky was clear, the winds were still,
 The flocks were pent within the fold;
 When from the silence of the grove,
 Poor *Damon* thus despair'd of love!

II.

Who seeks to pluck the fragrant rose
 From the bare rock, or oozy beach;
 Who from each barren weed that grows
 Expects the grape, or blushing peach;
 With equal faith may hope to find
 The truth of love in womankind.

III.

I have no herds, no fleecy care,
 No fields that wave with golden grain,
 No pastures green, nor gardens fair,
 A maiden's venal heart to gain:
 Then all in vain my sighs must prove,
 For I, alas! have nought but love.

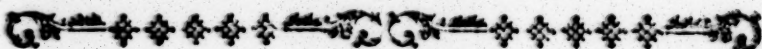
IV

How wretched is the faithful youth,
 Since womens hearts are bought and sold?
 They ask not vows of sacred truth,
 Whene'er they sigh, they sigh for gold.
 Gold can the frowns of scorn remove,
 But I, alas! have nought but love.

To buy the gems of *India's* coast,
 What wealth, what treasure can suffice?
 Not all their shine can ever boast
 The living lustre of her eyes:
 For these the world too cheap would prove;
 But I, alas! have nought but love.

VI

O *Sylvia*! since nor gems, nor ore,
 Can with your brighter gems compare,
 Consider that I offer more,
 More seldom found a soul sincere:
 Let riches meaner beauties move,
 Who pays thy worth, must pay in love.



Tell me, my Heart.

I

W H E N *Delia* on the plain appears,
 Aw'd by a thousand tender fears,
 I would approach, but dare not move:
 Tell me, my heart, if this be love.

II

Whene'er she speaks, my ravish'd ear
 No other voice but her's can hear,
 No other wit but her's approve:
 Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

III.

If she some other swain commend,
 Though I were once his fondest friend,
 That instant enemy I prove:
 Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

IV.

When she is absent, I no more
 Delight in all that pleas'd before,
 The clearest spring, or shady grove:
 Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

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V.

When arm'd with insolent disdain,
 She seem'd to triumph in my pain;
 I strove to hate, but vainly strove:
 Tell me, my heart, if this be love?



CUPID mistaken.

I.

AS after noon, one summer's day,
Venus stood bathing in a river,
Cupid a shooting went that way,
 New strung his bow, and fill'd his quiver:
 With skill he chose his sharpest dart,
 With all his might his bow he drew,
 Swift to his beauteous parent's heart,
 The too well guided arrow flew.

II.

I faint! I die! the goddess cry'd:
 O cruel! cou'dst thou find none other!
 To wreck thy spleen on! parricide,
 Like *Nero*, thou hast slain thy mother!
 Poor *Cupid*, sobbing, scarce cou'd speak;
 Indeed, mamma, I did not know ye:
 Alas! how easy the mistake,
 I took you for your likeness *Chloe*.



SILVIA to ALEXIS.

ALEXIS, how artless a lover!
 How bashful and silly you grow!
 In my eyes can you never discover
 I mean Yes, when I often say No?
I mean, &c.

II.

When you pine and you whine out your passion,
 And only intreat for a kiss;
 To be coy and deny is the fashion,
Alexis should ravish the blifs.
Alexis should, &c.

III.

In love, as in war, 'tis but reason
 To make some defence for the town:
 To surrender without it, were treason,
 Before that the outworks were won.
Before that, &c.

IV.

If I frown, 'tis my blushes to cover,
 'Tis for honour and modesty's sake;
 He is but a pitiful lover
 Who is foil'd by a single attack.
Who is, &c.

V.

But when we by force are o'erpower'd,
 The best and the bravest must yield;
 I am not to be won by a coward,
 Who hardly dares enter the field.
Who hardly, &c.



The serious lover.

I.

BELIEVE my sighs, my tears, my dear,
 Believe the heart you have won,
 Believe my vows to you sincere,
 Or, *Jenny*, I'm undone.
 You say, I'm fickle, and apt to change
 At every face that's new:
 Of all the girls I ever saw,
 I ne'er lov'd one but you.

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II.

My heart was like a lump of ice,
 Till warm'd by your bright eye;
 And then it kindled in a trice,
 A flame that ne'er can die.
 Then take and try me, you shall find
 That I've a heart that's true;
 Of all the girls I ever saw,
 I ne'er lov'd one like you.

~~~~~  
*The grateful Admirer.*

**F** A L S E tho' she be to me and love  
 I'll ne'er pursue revenge;  
 For still the charmer I approve,  
 Tho' I deplore her change.  
 In hours of bliss we oft have met,  
 They could not always last;  
 But tho' the present I regret,  
 I'm grateful for the past.  
*I'm grateful, &c.*

---

**CELIA and SABINA.**

## I.

**T** H I R S I S, a young and am'rous swain,  
 Saw two, the beauties of the plain,  
 Who both his heart subdued:  
 Gay *Celia's* eyes were dazzling fair;  
*Sabina's* easy shape and air,  
 With softer music drew.

## II.

He haunts the stream, he haunts the grove,  
 Lives in a fond romance of love,  
 And seems for each to die:  
 'Till each a little spiteful grown,  
*Sabina Celia's* shape ran down,  
 And she *Sabina's* eye.

## III.

Their envy made the shepherd find  
 Those eyes that love could only blind;  
 So set the lover free.  
 No more he haunts the grove or stream,  
 Or, with a true love knot or name,  
 Engraves a wounded tree.

## IV.

Ah *Celia*! fly *Sabina* cry'd,  
 Tho' neither love, we're both deny'd,  
 Let either fix the dart.  
 Poor girl! says *Celia*, say no more;  
 That spite which broke his chains before,  
 Would break the other's heart.




---

*The fair Warning.*

**Y**OUNG *Virgins* love pleasure,  
 As *Misers* do treasure;  
 And both alike study  
 To heighten the measure;  
 Their hearts they will rifle  
 For every new trifle,  
 And when in their teens  
 Fall in love for a song;  
 But soon as they marry,  
 And find things miscarry:  
 Oh! how they sigh  
 That they were not more wary.  
 Instead of soft wooing  
 They run to their ruin,  
 And all their lives after  
 Drag sorrow along.



*Petticoat wooing.*

## I

**D**E A R *Colin*, prevent my warm blushes,  
 How can I speak without pain?  
 My yes have oft told you their wishes:  
 Why can't you the meaning explain?

## II.

My passion wou'd lose by expression,  
 And you too might cruelly blame;  
 Then pray don't expect a confession  
 Of what is too tender to name.

## III.

Since yours is the province of speaking,  
 How can you expect it from me?  
 Our wishes shou'd be in our keeping,  
 Till you tell us what they shou'd be.

## IV.

Then quickly why don't you discover?  
 Did your heart feel such tortures as mine,  
 I need not tell over and over  
 What I in my bosom confine.

## COLIN'S Reply.

## I.

**G** O O D madam, when ladies are willing,  
 A man must needs look like a fool;  
 For me I would not give a shilling  
 For one that does love without rule.

## II

At least ye should wait for our offers,  
 Not snatch like old maids in despair;  
 Had you liv'd to these years without proffers,  
 Your sighs were all spent in the air.

## III

You shou'd leave us to guess by your blushing,  
 And not tell the matter so plain;  
 'Tis ours to be writing and pushing,  
 And yours to affect a disdain.

## IV.

But you're in a terrible taking,  
 By all the fond oglings I see ;  
 The fruit that can fall without shaking  
 Indeed is too mellow for me.



*The Country Lass's Ambition.*

## I.

**W**HAT tho' they call me country lass ?  
 I read it plainly in my glass,  
 That for a dutchess I might pass,  
 Oh ! could I see the day !  
 Wou'd fortune but attend my call,  
 At park, at play, at ring, and ball,  
 I'd brave the proudest of them all,  
 With a stand-by, clear the way.

## II.

Surrounded by a crowd of beaux,  
 With smart toupees, and powder'd clothes,  
 At rivals I'll turn up my nose ;  
 Oh ! could I see the day !  
 I'll dart such glances from these eyes,  
 Shall make some duke, or lord, my prize ;  
 And then, oh ! how I'll tyrannize,  
 With a stand-by, clear the way.

## III

Oh ! then for every new delight,  
 For equipage, and diamonds bright,  
 Quadrille, and balls, and plays, all night :  
 Oh ! could I see the day !  
 Of love and joy I'd take my fill,  
 The tedious hours of life to kill,  
 In every thing I'd have my will,  
 With a stand by, clear the way.

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493

The following Song is said to be made in Honour of our Sovereign Lady, MARY Queen of SCOTS.

I.

Y O U meaner beauties of the night,  
Who poorly satisfy our eyes,  
More by your number than your light,  
Ye are but officers of the skies;  
What are you when the moon doth rise?

II.

You violets that first appear,  
By your fine purple colour known,  
Taking possession of the year,  
As if the spring were all your own;  
What are ye when the rose is blown?

III.

You charming birds, that in the woods,  
Do warble forth your lively lays,  
Making your passion understood  
In softest notes: what is your praise,  
When *Philomel* her voice does raise?

IV.

You glancing jewels of the east,  
Whose estimation fancies raise,  
Pearls, rubies, sapphires, and the rest  
Of glittering gems; what is your praise,  
When the bright diamond shews his rays?

V.

But, ah! poor light, gem, voice and smell,  
What are ye if my MARY shine?  
Moon, diamond, flowers, and *Philomel*,  
Light, lustre, scent, and music time,  
And yield to merit more divine.

VI.

Thus when my mistress you have seen  
In beauties of her face and mind,  
First, by descent, she is a Queen;  
Judge then if she be not divine,  
And glory of all womankind.







What have I now ?  
 Naithing I trow,  
 But grief where I had joy :  
 What am I than ?  
 A heartless man :  
 Could love me thus destroy !  
 I love, I serve ane whom I much regard,  
 Yet for my love disdain is my reward.

## II.

Where shall I gang to hide my weary face ?  
 Where shall I find a place for my defence ?  
 Where my true love remains the fittest place,  
 Of all the earth that is my confidence.

She is my heart  
 'Till I depart :  
 Let her do what she list,  
 I cannot mend,  
 But still depend,  
 And daily to insist,  
 To purchase love, if love my love deserve ;  
 If not for love, let love my body starve.

## III.

O lady fair ! whom I do honour most,  
 Your name and fame within my breast I have ;  
 Let not my love and labour thus be lost,  
 But still in mind I pray thee to engrave,  
 That I am true,  
 And fall not rue  
 Ane word that I have said :  
 I am your man,  
 Do what you can,  
 When all these plays are play'd.  
 Then save your ship unbroken on the sand,  
 Since man and goods are all at your command.

*The Invitation.*

## I.

C O M E, love, let's walk by yonder spring,  
 Where we may hear the black-bird sing,  
 The robin-red-breast and the thrush,  
 And nightingale in thorny bush,  
 The mavis sweetly carolling;  
 This to my love, this to my love,  
 Content will bring.

## II.

See where the nymph, with all her train,  
 Comes skipping through the park amain,  
 And in this grove she means to stay,  
 At barley breaks to sport and play;  
 Where we may sit us down and see  
 Fair beauty mixt, fair beauty mixt,  
 With chastity.

## III.

In yonder dale are finest flowers,  
 With many pleasant shady bowers,  
 A purling brook, whose silver streams  
 Are beautified with *Phæbus'* beams;  
 Which steal out thro' the trees for fear,  
 Because *Diana*, because *Diana*  
 Bathes her there

## IV.

All her delight is as ye see,  
 This way to sport, and here to be  
 Delighting in this callour spring,  
 Only to bathe herself therein,  
 Until *Acteon* her espy'd;  
 Then to the thicket, then to the thicket  
 Did she glyde.

## V.

And there by magick art she wrought,  
 And in her heart she thus bethought  
 With secret speed away to flee  
 And be a hart was turn'd to be;

Because he follow'd *Diana's* train,  
His life he lost, his life he lost,  
Her love to gain.

*Cast away Care.*

**C**A R E, away gae thou frae me,  
For I am no fit match for thee,  
Thou bereaves me of my wits,  
Wherefore I hate thy frantic fits :  
Therefore I will care no moir,  
Since that in cares comes no restoir ;  
But I will sing hey down a dee,  
And cast doilt care away frae me.

II.

If I want, I care to get,  
The more I have, the more I fret ;  
Love I much, I care for more,  
The more I have I think I'm poor :  
Thus grief and care my mind opprefs,  
Nor wealth or wae gives no redress ;  
Therefore I'll care no more in vain,  
Since care has cost me meikle pain.

III.

Is not this world a sliddry ball ?  
And thinks men strange to catch a fall !  
Does not the sea baith ebb and flow ?  
And fortune's but a painted show,  
Why shou'd men take care or grief,  
Since that by these comes no relief ?  
Some careful saw what careless reap,  
And wasters ware what niggarts scrape.

IV.

Well then. ay learn to know thyself,  
And care not for this worldly pelf :  
Whether thy 'state be great or small,  
Give thanks to G o d whate'er befall,  
Sae fall thou then ay live at ease,  
No sudden grief shall thee displease ;  
Then may'st thou sing hey down a dee,  
When thou hast cast all care frae thee.

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*The fairest of her Days.*

## I

**W**HOE'ER beholds my *Helen's* face,  
 And says not that good hap has she;  
 Who hears her speak, and tents her grace,  
 Shall think nane ever spake but she,  
*The short way to resound her praise,*  
*She is the fairest of her days.*

## II.

Who knows her wit, and not admires,  
 He maun be deem'd devoid of skill:  
 Her virtues kindle strong desires  
 In them that think upon her still.  
*The short way, &c.*

## III.

Her red is like unto the rose  
 Whase buds are op'ning to the sun,  
 Her comely colours to disclose  
 The first degree of ripeness won.  
*The short way, &c.*

## IV

And with the red is mixt the white,  
 Like to the sun or fair moon shine,  
 That does upon clear waters light.  
 And makes the colour seem divine.  
*The short way to resound her praise,*  
*She is the fairest of her days.*

*N. B.* The six foregoing Songs I took out of a very  
 old MSS. Collection, wrote by a Gentleman in  
*Aberdeen.*

## Lord HENRY and KATHARINE.

**I**N ancient times, in *Britain's* isle,  
 Lord *Henry* well was known,  
 Nor knight in all the land more fam'd,  
 Or more deserv'd renown;

His thoughts on honour always run,  
 He ne'er cou'd bow to love,  
 No nymph in all the land had charms  
 His frozen heart to move.

## II.

Amongst the nymphs where *Katharine* came,  
 The fairest face the flows,  
 She was as bright as morning sun,  
 And sweeter than a rose:  
 Although she was of mean degree,  
 She daily conquests gains;  
 For ne'er a youth who her beheld,  
 Escap'd her powerful chains.

## III.

But soon her eyes their lustre lost,  
 Her cheek grew pale and wan,  
 A pining seiz'd her lovely form,  
 And cures were all in vain:  
 The sickness was to all unknown  
 That did the fair one waste,  
 Her time in sighs and floods of tears,  
 And broken slumbers past.

## IV.

Once in a dream she cry'd aloud,  
 Oh *Henry*, I'm undone!  
 Oh cruel fate! oh wretched maid!  
 Thy love must ne'er be known!  
 Such is the fate of womankind,  
 They must the truth conceal,  
 I'll die ten thousand thousand deaths,  
 Ere I my love reveal.

## V.

A tender friend that watch'd the fair  
 To *Henry* hy'd away,  
 My lord, says she, we've found the cause  
 Of *Katharine's* quick decay,  
 She in a dream the secret told,  
 Till now no mortal knew:  
 Alas! she now expiring lies,  
 And dies for love of you!

## VI.

The gen'rous *Henry's* soul was touch'd,  
 His heart began to flame,  
 Ah, poor unhappy maid! he cry'd,  
 Yet I am not to blame.  
 Ah *Kath'rine*! too too modest maid,  
 Thy love I never knew,  
 I'll ease your pain: and swift as wind  
 To her bed-side he flew.

## VII.

Awake! awake! he fondly cry'd,  
 Awake! awake! my dear:  
 If I had only guess'd your love,  
 You ne'er had shed a tear:  
 'Tis *Henry* calls, complain no more,  
 Renew thy wonted charms;  
 I come to save thee from despair,  
 And take thee to my arms.

## VIII.

These words reviv'd the dying fair,  
 She rais'd her drooping head,  
 And gazing on the long-lov'd youth,  
 She started from the bed,  
 Around his neck her arms she flung,  
 In extasy, and cried,  
 Will you be kind? Will you indeed;  
 My love!—and so she died.

*The Milking-Pail.*

## I.

**Y**E nymphs and *Silvan* gods,  
 That love green fields and woods,  
 When spring newly born herself does adorn  
 With flowers and blooming buds:  
 Come sing in the praise, while flocks do graze  
 On yonder pleasant vale,  
 Of those that choose to milk their ewes,  
 And in cold dews, with clouted shoes,  
 To carry the milking pail.

## II.

You goddess of the morn,  
 With blushes you adorn,  
 And take the fresh air, whilst linnets prepare  
 A comfort on each green thorn :  
 The black bird and thrush, on every bush,  
 And the charming nightingale,  
 In merry vein, their throats do strain,  
 To entertain the jolly train  
 Of those of the milking-pail.

## III

When cold bleak winds do rore,  
 And flowers will spring no more,  
 The fields that were seen so pleasant and green,  
 With winter's all candied o'er.  
 See how the town lass looks with her white face,  
 And her lips so deadly pale ;  
 But it is not so with those that go  
 Thro' frost and snow, with cheeks that glow,  
 And carry the milking-pail.

## IV

The miss of courtly mold,  
 Adorn'd with pearl and gold,  
 With washes and paint her skin does so taint,  
 She's wither'd before she's old :  
 While she of commode puts on a cart-load,  
 And with cushions plumps her tail.  
 What joys are found in rushy ground,  
 Young plump and round, nay, sweet and sound,  
 Of those of the milking pail ?

## V.

You girls of *Venus* game,  
 That venture health and fame,  
 In practising feats, with cold and heats,  
 Make lovers grow blind and lame :  
 If men were so wise to value the prize  
 Of wares most fit for sale,  
 What store of beaux would daub their clothes,  
 To save a nose, by following of those  
 Who carry the milking pail ?



## VI.

The country lad is free  
 From fears and jealousy,  
 Whilst upon the green he is often seen  
 With his lass upon his knee ;  
 With kisses most sweet he doth her so treat,  
 And swears she'll never grow stale :  
 But the *London* lass, in every place,  
 With brazen face, despises the grace  
 Of those of the milking pail.



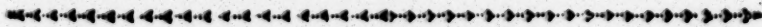
## PHILLIS, despise not.

## I.

**P**HILLIS, despise not your faithful lover,  
 Play not the tyrant, because you are fair ;  
 Beauty will fade, my charming maid,  
 Just as the lily, My beautiful *Philly*,  
 Cease to prove coy, smile on the boy,  
 Grant him the blessing he longs to enjoy.

## II.

Crowns are but trifles, compar'd with my *Philly* :  
 Who can behold her, and not be enslav'd ?  
 Angel divine ! wert thou but mine ;  
 Pity my story, I laugh at all glory,  
 Here I protest, on thy dear breast,  
 With thee in a cottage I'd think myself blest.

*Drink while ye can.*

**L**ET'S drink, my friends, while here we live,  
 The fleeting moments as they pass  
 This silent admonition give,  
 T' improve our time, and push the glass.

## II.

When once we've enter'd *Charon's* boat,  
 Farewell to drinking, joys divine,  
 There's not a drop to weet our throat,  
 The grave's a cellar void of wine.

---

*Meddlers out of Season.*

## I

**C**OME, lads, ne'er plague your heads  
 With what is done in *Spain*,  
 But leave to them  
 Who are supreme,  
 To settle peace again :  
 Debating, prating, jumbling, grumbling,  
 Pays no nation's debt ;  
 'Tis time must clear it,  
 Just like claret.  
 When it is on the fret.

## II.

Each one should mind his own,  
 Not business of the state :  
 This all we get,  
 By meddling yet,  
 More troubles to create,  
 Our wrangling, jangling, clam'ring, hamm'ring,  
 But disturb the town :  
 Such men of mettle,  
 In a kettle,  
 Make two holes for one.

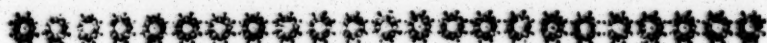
## III.

If you the dangers knew,  
 Of those that wear a crown,  
 You'd scarce envy  
 A state so high,  
 But wisely use your own :  
 Unsteady, giddy, busy, dizzy,  
 With the dazling height ;

Yet daily stooping,  
Almost drooping  
Underneath the weight,

## IV.

Low swains that range the plains,  
Their native freedom keep,  
Who yet command,  
With crook in hand,  
Their faithful dog and sheep :  
Their leisure, pleasure, sporting, courting,  
None but time deceive ;  
Whilst *Amaryllis*,  
*Jug* and *Phyllis*,  
Flow'ry garlands weave.

*Complaint on Scorn.*

## I.

**W**HY will *Florella*, when I gaze,  
My ravish'd eyes reprove,  
And chide them from the only face,  
I can behold with love ?  
To shun your scorn, and ease my care,  
I seek a nymph more kind :  
And as I range from fair to fair,  
Still gentle usage find.

## II.

But O ! how faint is ev'ry joy,  
Where nature has no part ;  
New beauties may my eyes employ,  
But you eng. ge my heart.  
So restless exiles, as they roam,  
Meet pity ev'ry where :  
Yet languish for their native home,  
Tho' death attends them there.

## LOVE OR WINE.

## I.

**I**F *Phillis* denies me relief,  
 If she's angry, I'll seek it in wine;  
 Though she laughs at my am'rous grief,  
 At my mirth why should she repine?  
*At my mirth, &c.*

## II.

The sparkling *Champaign* shall remove  
 All the cares my dull grief has in store:  
 My reason I lost when I lov'd,  
 And by drinking what can I do more?  
*And by drinking, &c.*

## III.

Would *Phillis* but pity my pain,  
 Or my am'rous vows would approve,  
 The juice of the grape I'd disdain,  
 And be drunk with nothing but love.  
*And be drunk, &c.*



*Twenty one favourite Songs, in the* BEGGAR'S  
 OPERA.

## S O N G I.

Tune, *An old Woman clothed in Grey, &c.*

**T**HROUGH all the employments of life,  
 Each neighbour abuses his brother:  
 Whore and rogue they call husband and wife,  
 All professions be-rogue one another;  
 The priest calls the lawyer a cheat,  
 The lawyer be-knaves the divine;  
 And the statesman, because he's so great,  
 Thinks his trade as honest as mine.



## S O N G II.

Tune, *The bonny grey ey'd Morn, &c.*

**T**IS woman that seduces all mankind,  
 By her we first were taught the wheedling arts:  
 Her very eyes can cheat. when most she's kind,  
 She tricks us of our money with our hearts:  
 For her, like wolves by night, we roam for prey,  
 And practise ev'ry fraud to bribe her charms;  
 For suits of love, like law, are won by pay,  
 And beauty must be see'd into our arms.



## S O N G III.

Tune, *Why is your faithful slave disdain'd? &c.*

**I**F love the virgin's heart invade,  
 How, like a moth, the simple maid  
 Still plays about the flame!  
 If soon she be not made a wife,  
 Her honour's sing'd, and then for life  
 She's what I dare not name.



## S O N G IV.

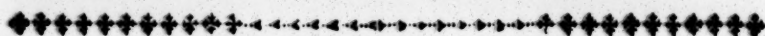
Tune, *Of all the simple Things we do, &c.*

**A** Maid is like a golden ore,  
 Which hath guineas intrinsical in't,  
 Whose worth is never known, before  
 It is try'd, and imprest in the mint.  
 A wife's like a guinea in gold,  
 Stamp'd with the name of her spouse;  
 Now here, now there; is bought, or is sold;  
 And is current in every house.

## S O N G V.

Tune, *What shall I do to shew how much I love her, &c.*

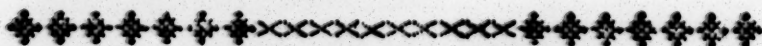
**V**IRGINS are like the fair flower in its lustre,  
Which in the garden enamels the ground;  
Near it the bees, in play, flutter, and cluster  
And gaudy butterflies frolic around,  
But when once pluck'd, 'tis no longer alluring,  
To *Covent Garden* 'tis sent, (as yet sweet.)  
There fades, and shrinks, and grows past all enduring,  
Rots, stinks, and dies, and is trode under feet.



## S O N G VI.

Tune, *Oh London is a fine Town.*

**O**UR *Polly* is a sad slut, nor heeds what we taught her,  
I wonder any man alive will ever rear a daughter,  
For she must have both hoods and gowns,  
And hoops to swell her pride,  
With scarfs and stays, and gloves and lace;  
And she will have men beside;  
And when she's drest with care and cost,  
All tempting fine and gay,  
As men should serve a cucumber,  
She flings herself away.  
Our *Polly* is a sad slut, &c.



## S O N G VII.

Tune, *Grim King of the Ghosts, &c.*

**C**AN love be controu'd by advice!  
Will *Cupid* our mothers obey?  
Though my heart were as frozen as ice,  
At his flame, 'twould have melted away,  
When he kiss'd me so closely he prest,  
'Twas so sweet that I must have comply'd;  
So I thought it both safest and best.  
To marry for fear you should chide.

## S O N G VIII.

Tune, *A Soldier and a Sailor.*

**A** Fox may steal your hens, fir,  
 A whore your health and pence, fir,  
 Your daughter rob your chest, fir,  
 Your wife may steal your rest, fir,  
 A thief your goods and plate.  
 But this is all but picking,  
 With rest, pence, chest, and chicken :  
 It ever was decreed, fir,  
 If lawyers hand is feed. fir,  
 He steals your whole estate.

## S O N G IX.

Tune, *Over the hills and far away.*

**W**ERE I laid on *Greenland's* coast,  
 And in my arms embrac'd my la's;  
 Warm amidst eternal frost,  
 Too soon the half year's night would pass.  
 Were I fold on *Indian* soil,  
 Soon as the burning day was clos'd,  
 I could mock the sultry toil,  
 When on my charmer's breast repos'd.  
 And I would love you all the day,  
 Every night would kiss and play,  
 If with me you'd fondly stray,  
 Over the hills and far away.

## S O N G X.

Tune, *O the broom, &c.*

**T**HE miser thus a shilling fees,  
 Which he's oblig'd to pay,  
 With sighs resigns it by degrees,  
 And fears 'tis gone for aye.  
 The boy, thus, when his sparrow's flown,  
 The bird in silence eyes :  
 But soon as out of sight 'tis gone.  
 Whines, whimpers, sobs, and cries.

## S O N G XI.

*Tune, Cotillon.*

**Y**OUTH'S the season made for joys,  
 Love is then our duty,  
 She alone who that employs,  
 Well deserves her beauty.  
 Let's be gay,  
 While we may,  
 Beauty's a flower despis'd in decay,  
 Youth's the season, &c.  
 Let us drink and sport to-day,  
 Ours is not to-morrow,  
 Love with youth flies swift to-day,  
 Age is nought but sorrow.  
 Dance and sing,  
 Time's on the wing,  
 Life never knows the return of spring,  
*Chorus.* Let us drink, &c.

## S O N G XII.

*Tune, When once I lay with another Man's Wife.*

**T**HE gamesters and lawyers are jugglers alike,  
 If they meddle, your all is in danger;  
 Like gypsies, if once they can finger a soule,  
 Your pockets they pick, and they pilfer your house,  
 And give your estate to a stranger.

## S O N G XIII.

*Tune, Courtiers, Courtiers think it no harm, &c.*

**M**AN may escape from rope or gun,  
 Nay, some have out liv'd the doctor's pill;  
 Who takes a woman must be undone,  
 That basilisk is sure to kill  
 The fly that sips treacle is lost in the sweets,  
 So he that tastes woman, woman, woman,  
 He that tastes woman, ruin meets.



## S O N G XIV.

Tune, *The Sun had loos'd his weary Teams, &c.*

**T**HE first time at the looking glass  
The mother sets her daughter,  
The image strikes the smiling lass,  
With self love ever after.  
Each time she looks, she, fonder grown,  
Thinks ev'ry charm grows stronger:  
But alas, vain maid, all eyes but your own,  
Can see you are not younger.

## S O N G XV

Tune, *How happy are we, &c.*

**W**HEN you censure the age,  
Be cautious and sage.  
Lest the courtiers offended should be:  
If you mention vice or bribe,  
'Tis pat to all the tribe,  
Each cries—that was levell'd at me.

## S O N G XVI.

Tune, *London Ladies.*

**I**F you at an office solicit your due,  
And would not have matters neglected:  
You must quicken the clerk with the perquisite too,  
To what his duty directed  
Or would you the frowns of a lady prevent,  
She too has this palpable failing,  
The perquisite softens her into consent;  
That reason with all is prevailing.

## S O N G XVII.

Tune, *Packinton's Pound.*

**T**HUS gamesters united in friendship are found,  
Tho' they know that their industry all is a cheat,  
They flock to their prey at the dice box's sound,  
And join to promote one another's deceit;

But if by mishap,  
They fail of a chap,  
To keep in their hands, they each other entrap:  
Like pikes lank with hunger, who nabs of their ends,  
They bite their companions, and prey on their friends.

## S O N G XVIII.

Tune, *Lillibullero*.

**T**HE modes of the court so common are grown,  
That a true friend can hardly be met;  
Friendship for interest is but a loan,  
Which they let out for what they can get.  
'Tis true you find,  
Some friends so kind,  
Who will give you good counsel themselves to defend.  
In sorrowful ditty,  
They promise, they pity  
But shift you for money, from friend to friend.

## S O N G XIX.

Tune, *Down in the North Country, &c.*

**W**HAT gudgeons are we men!  
Every woman's easy prey,  
Though we have felt the hook, agen  
We bite and they betray.  
The bird that hath been trapt,  
When he hears his calling mate,  
To her he flies, again he's clapt  
Within the wiry grate.

## S O N G XX.

Tune, *A Cobler there was, &c.*

**O**URSELVES, like the great, to secure a retreat,  
When matters require it, must give up our gang:  
And good reason why,  
Or instead of the fry,  
Ev'n *Peacum* and i  
Like poor petty rascals might hang, hang;  
Like poor petty rascals, might hang.

Tune, *Green Sleeves*.

**S**INCE laws were made for ev'ry degree,  
 To curb vice in others, as well as me,  
 I wonder we han't better company,  
 Upon *Tyburn* tree !  
 But gold from law can take out the sting,  
 And if rich men like us were to fwing,  
 'Twould thin the land such numbers to string,  
 Upon *Tyburn* tree !



## ANDREW and his cutty Gun.

## I.

**B**LYTH, blyth, blyth was she,  
 Blyth was she but and ben ;  
 And well she loo'd a *Harwick* gill,  
 And leugh to see a tappit hen.  
 She took me in. and set me down,  
 And heght to keep me lawing free ;  
 But, cunning carling that she was,  
 She gart me birle my bawbie.

## II.

We loo'd the liquor well enough ;  
 But waes my heart my cash was done,  
 Before that I had quench'd my drowth,  
 And laith I was to pawn my shoon.  
 When we had three times toom'd our floup,  
 And the neist chappin new begun,  
 In started, to heeze up our hope,  
 Young *Andro* with his cutty gun.

## III.

The carling brought her kebbuck ben,  
 With giddle cakes well toasted brown,  
 Well does the canny kimmer ken,  
 They gar the scuds gae glibber down.

We ca'd the bicker aft about ;  
 Till dawning we ne'er jee'd our bun,  
 And ay the cleaneft drinker out,  
 Was *Andro* with his cutty gun.

## IV.

He did like ony mavis sing,  
 And as I in his oxters fat,  
 He ca'd me ay his bonny thing,  
 And mony a fappy kiss I gat,  
 I hae been east, I hae been west,  
 I hae been far ayont the sun ;  
 But the blytheft lad that e'er I saw,  
 Was *Andro* with his cutty gun.



## SAILOR'S SONG.

**H**OW happy are we,  
 Now the wind is abaft ;  
 And the bosson he pipes,  
 Haul both your sheets aft.  
 Steady, steady, says the master,  
 It blows a fresh gale ;  
 We'll soon reach our port, boys,  
 If the wind does not fail.  
 Then drink about, *Tom*,  
 Although the ship roll :  
 Then drink about *Tom*,  
 Although the ship roll :  
 We'll save our rich liquor,  
*We'll save. &c.*  
 By flinging our bowl.

*A hundred Years hence.*

**L**ET us drink and be merry, dance, joke, and rejoice,  
 With claret, canary, theorbœ and voice ;  
 The changeable world to our joys is unjust,  
 And all pleasure's ended when we are in dust.



In mirth let us spend our spare hours and our pence,  
For we shall be paid it a hundred years hence.

II

The butterfly courtier, that pageant of state,  
That mouse trap of honour and may game of fate;  
For all his ambition, his freaks and his tricks,  
He must die like a bum, kin and toll into Styx:  
His plot against death's but a slender pretence,  
Who'd take his place from him a hundred years hence!

III.

The beautiful bride, who with garlands is crown'd,  
And kills with each glance as she treads on the ground;  
Her glittering dress does cast such a splendor,  
As if none were fit but the stars to attend her;  
Although she is pleasant, and sweet to the sense,  
She'll be damnable mouldy a hundred years hence.

IV

The right hearted soldier, who's a stranger to fear,  
Calls up all his spirits when danger is near;  
He labours and fights, great honour to gain,  
And hardily thinks it will ever remain;  
But virtue and courage prove in vain a pretence,  
To flourish his standard a hundred years hence.

V.

The merchant who ventures his all on the main,  
Not doubting to grasp what the Indies contain,  
He buzzes and bustles like a bee in the spring,  
Yet knows not what harvest the autumn will bring;  
Tho' fortune's great queen should load him with pence,  
He'll ne'er reach the market a hundred years hence.

VI

The rich bawling lawyer, who, by fools wrangling  
    strife,  
Can spin out a suit to the end of a life;  
A suit which the client does wear out in slavery,  
Whilst the pleader makes conscience a cloak for his  
    knavery.  
Tho' he boasts of his cunning, and brags of his sense,  
He'll be *non est inventus* a hundred years hence.

## VII.

The plush-coated quack, who, his fees to enlarge,  
Kills people by licence, and, at their own charge;  
He builds up fair structures with ill-gotten wealth,  
By the dregs of a piss pot, and the ruins of health:  
By the treasures of health he pretends to dispense,  
He'll be turn'd into mummy a hundred years hence.

## VIII.

The meagre chopp'd usurer, who in hundreds gets  
twenty,  
But starves in his wealth, and pines in his plenty;  
Lays up for a season he never will see,  
The year of one thousand eight hundred and three:  
He must change all his houses, his lands and his rents,  
For a worm-eaten coffin a hundred years hence.

## IX.

The learned divine, with all his pretensions  
To knowledge superior, and heavenly mansions;  
Who lives by the tithe of other folks labour.  
Yet expects that his blessing be receiv'd as a favour,  
Tho' he talks of the spirit, and bewilders our sense,  
Knows not what will come of him a hundred years  
hence.

## X.

The poet himself, who so lustily sings,  
And scorns any subject but heroes or kings,  
Must to the capricio of fortune submit;  
Which will make a fool of him in spite of his wit:  
Thus health, wealth, and beauty, wit, learning and  
sense,  
Must all come to nothing a hundred years hence.

## XI.

Why should we turmoil then in cares and in fears,  
By converting our joys into sighs and to tears?  
Since pleasures abound, let us ever be tasting,  
And to drive away sorrow while vigour is lasting,  
We'll kiss the brisk damsels, that we may from thence  
Have brats to succeed us a hundred years hence.

## XII.

The true hearted mason, who acts on the square,  
 And lives within compass by rules that are fair;  
 Whilst honour and conscience approve all his deeds,  
 As virtue and prudence directs he proceeds,  
 With friendship and love, discretion and sense,  
 Leaves a pattern for brothers a hundred years hence.

## JOHNNY FAA, The Gypsie Laddie.

**T**H E gypsies came to our good lord's gate,  
 And vow but they sang sweetly;  
 They sang sae sweet, and sae very compleat,  
 That down came the fair lady.

## II.

And she came tripping down the stair,  
 And a' her maids before her;  
 As soon as they saw her well-far'd face,  
 They coo'd the glamer o'er her.

## III.

Gae tak frae me this gay mantle,  
 And bring to me a plaidie;  
 For if kith and kin, and a' had sworn,  
 I'll follow the gypsie laddie.

## IV.

Yestreen I lay in a well-made bed,  
 And my good lord beside me;  
 This night I'll ly in a tenant's barn,  
 Whatever shall betide me.

## V.

Come to your bed, says *Johnny Faa*,  
 Oh come to your bed, my deary;  
 For I vow and swear, by the hilt of my sword,  
 That your lord shall nae mair come near ye.

## VI

I'll go to bed to my *Johnny Faa*,  
 I'll go to bed to my deary;  
 For I vow and swear by what past yestreen,  
 That my lord shall nae mair come near me.

## VII.

I'll mak a hap to my *Johnny Faa*,  
 And I'll mak a hap to my deary,  
 And he's get a' the coat gaes round,  
 And my lord shall nae mair come near me.

## VIII.

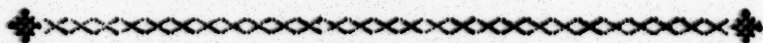
And when our lord came hame at een,  
 And spair'd for his fair lady,  
 The tane she cry'd, and the other reply'd,  
 She's away with the gypsie laddie.

## IX.

Gae saddle to me the black black steed,  
 Gae saddle and make him ready;  
 Before that I either eat or sleep,  
 I'll gae seek my fair lady.

## X.

And we were fifteen well made men,  
 Altho' we were nae bonny:  
 And we were a' put down for aye,  
 A fair young wanton lady.



## Old CHIRON.

**O**LD *Chiron* thus preach'd to his pupil *Achilles*,  
 I'll tell thee, young gentleman, what the fate's  
 will is:

You, my boy, must go  
 (The gods will have it so)  
 To the siege of *Troy*;

Thence never to return to *Greece* again,  
 But before those walls to be slain.

## II.

Let not your noble courage be cast down,  
 But all the while you ly before the town,  
 Drink and drive care away, drink and be merry:  
 You'll ne'er go the sooner to the *Stygian* ferry.



*Bottle and Friend.*

## I.

**S**UM up all the delights  
 This world does produce,  
 The darling allurements  
 Now chiefly in use,  
 You'll find if compar'd,  
 There's none can contend  
 With the solid enjoyments  
 Of a bottle and friend.

## II.

For honour, for wealth,  
 For beauty may waste;  
 These joys often fade,  
 And rarely do last;  
 They're so hard to attain,  
 And so easily lost,  
 That the pleasure ne'er answers  
 The trouble and cost.

## III.

None but wine and true friendship  
 Are lasting and sure,  
 From jealousy free,  
 And from envy secure;  
 Then fill all the glasses  
 Until they run o'er,  
 A friend and good wine  
 Are the charms we adore.

---

Dunt, dunt, pittie, pattie.

Tune, *Yellow-hair'd Laddie.*

## I

**O**N *Whitsunday* morning  
 I went to the fair,  
 My yellow hair'd laddie  
 Was selling his ware;

He gied me sic a blyth blink  
 With his bonny black eye,  
 And a dear blink, and a fair blink  
 It was unto me.

## II.

I wist not what ail'd me  
 When my laddie came in,  
 The little wee fiarnies  
 Flew ay frae my een;  
 And the sweat it dropt down  
 Frae my very eye-brie,  
 And my heart play'd ay  
 Dunt, dunt, dunt, pittie, pattie.

## III.

I wist not what ail'd me,  
 When I went to my bed,  
 I tossed and tumbled,  
 And sleep frae me fled.  
 Now its sleeping and waking  
 He is ay in my eye,  
 And my heart play'd ay  
 Dunt, dunt, dunt, pittie, pattie.



## ROGER and DOLLY.

**A**S *Dolly* was milking of the cows,  
 Young *Roger* came tripping it over the plain,  
 And made unto her most delicate bows,  
 And then he went tripping it back again,  
 My pretty sweet *Roger*, come back again,  
 My pretty sweet *Roger*, come back again,  
 For it is your company that I do lack,  
 Or else my poor heart will burst in twain.  
 I winna come back, nor I canna come back;  
 I wonot, I cannot; no, no, not I:  
 And if 'tis my company that you do lack,  
 You may lack it until the day you die.



## III.

May his estate be like to mine,  
 That nothing look like a design  
 To bring us into sorrow.  
 Grant me but this that I have said,  
 And willingly I'll live a maid  
 No longer than to morrow.

*Still he's the Man.*

## I.

**W**HAT woman cou'd do, I have try'd to be free,  
 Yet do all I can,  
 I find I love him, and tho' he flies me,  
 Still, still, he's the man.  
 They tell me at once, he to twenty will swear;  
 When vows are so sweet, who the falsehood can fear?  
 So when you have said all you can,  
 Still, — still he's the man.

## II.

I caught him once making love to a maid,  
 When to him I ran,  
 He turn'd, and he kiss'd me, then who cou'd upbraid  
 So civil a man?  
 The next day I found to a third he was kind,  
 I rated him soundly, he swore I was blind;  
 So let me do what I can,  
 Still, — still he's the man.

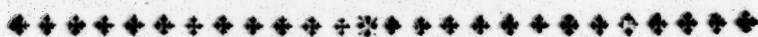
## III.

All the world bids me beware of his art:  
 I do what I can;  
 But he has taken such hold of my heart,  
 I doubt he's the man!  
 So sweet are his kisses, his looks are so kind,  
 He may have his faults, but if none I can find,  
 Who can do more than they can,  
 He, — still is the man.



*An old Catch.*

**N**OW God be wi' old *Symon*,  
 For he made cans to many a one,  
 And a good old man was he ;  
 And *Jinken* was his journeyman,  
 And he cou'd tippie off ev'ry can ;  
 And thus he said to me :  
 To whom drink you, Sir knave,  
 Turn the timber like the lave ;  
 Ho! jolly *Jinken*,  
 I spy a knave in drinking ;  
 Come, troll the bowl to me.

*The Cobler's Merits*

Tune, *Charming SALLY*.

**O**F all the trades from east to west,  
 The cobbler's, past contending,  
 Is like in time to prove the best,  
 Which every day is mending  
 How great his praise who can amend  
 The so'ls of all his neighbours,  
 Nor is unmindful of his end,  
 But to his last he labours.

*The Cobler's Happiness.*

Tune, *Come let us prepare.*

**I**  
**L**ET matters of state,  
 Disquiet the great,  
 The cobbler has nought to perplex him ;  
 Has nought but his wife  
 To ruffle his life,  
 And her he can strap, if she vex him.

## II.

He's out of the pow'r  
 Of *Fortune*, that whore,  
 Since low as can be, she has thrust him;  
 From duns he's secure,  
 For being so poor,  
 There's none to be found that will trust him.

\*\*\*\*\*

## The honourable Support.

Tune, *The milking pail.*

**I** Hate the coward tribes,  
 Who, by mean sneaking bribes,  
 By tricks and disguise,  
 By flattery and lies,  
 To power and grandeur rise.  
 Like heroes of old,  
 Be still greatly bold;  
 Let the sword your cause support;  
 Never learn to fawn,  
 And never be drawn  
 Your truth to pawn  
 Among the spawn  
 Who practise the frauds of courts.

\*\*\*\*\*

## Self, the prime Mover.

Tune, *Hunt the Squirrel.*

**T**H E world is always jarring,  
 This is pursuing  
 T' other man's ruin;  
 Friends with friends are warring  
 In a false cowardly way.  
 Spurr'd on by emulations,  
 Tongues are engaging,  
 Calumny raging,  
 Murders reputations,  
 Envy keeps up the fray.

Thus, with burning heat,  
 Each returning hate  
     Wounds and robs his friends  
     In civil life;  
     Even man and wife  
 Squabble for selfish ends.

### The spotless Virgin.

Tune, *My deary, if thou die.*

**P**URE as the new-fallen snow appears  
 The spotless virgin's fame,  
 Unfull'd white her bosom bears  
     As fair her form and fame;  
 But when she's soil'd, her lustre greets  
     The admiring eye no more;  
 She sinks to mud, defiles the streets,  
     And swells the common shore.

### The Worth of Wine.

Tune, *Let's be jovial.*

#### I.

**'T**IS wine that clears the understanding,  
 Makes men learn'd withouten books:  
 It fits the general for commanding,  
     And gives fogers fiercer looks.  
*With a fa, la, la, la, &c.*

#### II.

'Tis wine that gives a life to lovers,  
     Heightens beauties of the fair;  
 Truth from falsehood it discovers,  
     Quickens joys, and conquers care.  
*With a fa, la, la, la, &c.*

#### III.

Wine will set our souls on fire,  
     Fit us for all glorious things;  
 When rais'd by *Bacchus* we aspire  
     At flights, above the reach of kings.  
*With a fa, la, la, la, &c.*

## IV.

Bring in bonny magnums plenty,  
 Be each glass a bumper crown'd ;  
 None to flinch till they be empty,  
 And full fifty toasts gone round.  
*With a fa, la, la, la, &c.*



## Women compar'd to China.

*True Pinks and Lilies.*

**A** Women's ware, like china,  
 Now cheap, now dear is bought ;  
 When whole, though worth a guinea,  
 When broke's not worth a groat ;  
*When broke, &c.*  
 A woman at St. James's,  
 With hundreds you obtain ;  
 But stay till lost her fame is,  
 She'll be cheap in *Drury-Lane*.  
*She'll be cheap, &c.*

## Slow Men of London.

## I

**T** H E R E were three lads in our town,  
 Slow men of *London* ;  
 They courted a widow was bonny and brown,  
 Yet they left her undone.

## II.

They often tasted the widow's chear,  
 Slow men of *London* ;  
 Yet the widow was never the near,  
 For still they left her undone.

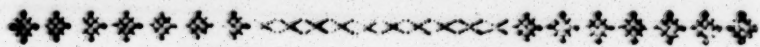
## III.

They went to work without their tools,  
 Slow men of *London* ;  
 The widow she sent them away like fools,  
 Because they left her undone.



## IV.

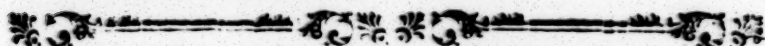
Blow, ye winds, and come down, rain,  
 Slow men of *London*;  
 They never shall woo this widow again,  
 Because they left her undone.



## Follow your Leaders.

*To the foregoing Tune.*

**T**HE manners of the great affect;  
 Stint not your pleasure:  
 If conscience had their genius checkt,  
 How got they treasure?  
 The more in debt, run in debt the more,  
 Careless who is undone;  
 Morals and honesty leave the poor,  
 As they do at *London*.



## The Pimp and Politician Parallels.

Tune, 'Twas within a Furlong of *Edinburgh Town*.

**I**N pimps and politicians  
 The genius is the same:  
 Both raise their own conditions  
 On others guilt and shame:  
 With a tongue well tipt with lies  
 Each the want of parts supplies.  
 And with a heart that's all disguise  
 Keeps his schemes unknown.  
 Seducing as the devil,  
 They play the tempter's part,  
 And have, when most they're civil,  
 Most mischief in their heart.  
 Each a secret commerce drives,  
 First corrupts and then connives,  
 And by his neighbour's vices thrives,  
 For they are all his own.

## PHILANDER and AMORET.

## I.

WHEN gay *Philander* fell a prize  
 To *Amoreta's* conquering eyes,  
 He took his pipe, he fought the plain;  
 Regardless of his growing pain;  
 And resolutely bent to wrest  
 The bearded arrow from his breast.

## II.

Come, gentle gales, the shepherd cry'd,  
 Be *Cupid* and his bow defy'd:  
 But as the gales obsequious flew,  
 With flow'ry scents and spicy dew,  
 He did unknowingly repeat,  
*The breath of Amoret is sweet.*

## III.

His pipe again the shepherd try'd,  
 And warbling nightingales reply'd;  
 Their sounds in rival measures move,  
 And meeting echoes charm the grove:  
 His thoughts that rov'd again repeat,  
*The voice of Amoret is sweet.*

## IV.

Since every fair and lovely view  
 The thoughts of *Amoret* renew,  
 From flow'ry lawn and shady green  
 To prospect gloomy change the scene:  
 Sad change for him! for sighing there,  
 He thought of lovers in despair.

## V.

Convinc'd, the sad *Philander* cries,  
 Now, cruel God, assert thy prize,  
 For love its fatal empire gains;  
 Yet grant, in pity to my pains,  
 These lines the nymph may oft repeat,  
 And own *Philander's* lays are sweet.

## The WIT and the BEAU.

Tune, *Bright AURELIA.*

I.

**W**ITH every grace young *Strephon* chose  
 His person to adorn,  
 That by the beauties of his face  
 In *Sylvia's* love he might find place,  
 And wonder'd at her scorn.

II

With bows and smiles he did his part,  
 But oh! 'twas all in vain;  
 A youth less fine, a youth of art,  
 Had talk'd himself into her heart,  
 And would not out again.

III.

With change of *habits* *Strephon* press'd,  
 And urg'd her to admire;  
 His *Love* alone the other dress'd,  
 As verse or prose became it best,  
 And mov'd her soft desire.

IV.

This found, his courtship *Strephon* ends,  
 Or makes it to his glass;  
 There in himself now seeks amends,  
 Convinc'd. that where a *Wit* pretends  
 A *Beau* is but an *Ass*.

## The Nurse's Song.

Tune, *Yellow Stockings.*

I.

**H**EY! my kitten, a kitten,  
 Hey! my kitten, a dcary;  
 Such a sweet pett as this  
 Is neither far nor neary:  
 Here we go up, up, up;  
 Here we go down, down, downy;  
 Here we go backwards and forwards,  
 And here we go round, round, roundy.

## II.

Chicky, cockow, my lily cock;  
 See, see, sic a downy;  
 Gallop a trot, trot trot,  
 And hey for *Dublin* towny.  
 This pig went to the market;  
 Squeek mouse, mouse, mousey;  
 Shoe, shoe, shoe the wild colt,  
 And hear thy own dol dousy.

## III

Where was a jewel and petty,  
 Where was a fugar and spicity;  
 Hush a baba in a cradle,  
 And we'll go abroad in a tricity.  
 Did a papa torment it?  
 Did e vex his own baby? did e?  
 Hush a baba in a hodie;  
 Take ous own sucky: did e?

## IV.

Good morrow, a pudding is broke;  
 Slavers a thread o' crystal,  
 Now the sweet posset comes up;  
 Who said my child was piss'd all?  
 Come water my chickens, come clock,  
 Leave off, or he'll crawl you, he'll crawl you;  
 Come, gie me your hand, and I'll beat him:  
 Wha was it vexed my baby?

## V.

Where was a laugh and a craw;  
 Where was, was, was a gigling honey?  
 Goody, good child shall be fed,  
 But naughty child shall get nony.  
 Get ye gone raw-head and bloody bones,  
 Here is a child that won't fear ye.  
 Come, pissy, pissy, my jewel,  
 And ik, ik ay, my deary.



## THE MAGPYE.

## I.

**G**OOD people, draw near,  
 A story ye's hear,  
 A story both pleasant and true;  
 Which happened of late,  
 And's not out of date;  
 I am going to tell it to you.

## II.

It was an old cobbler,  
 Who sol'd shoes at *Dubler*,  
 And lov'd to drink the juice of good barley;  
 And then with his wife,  
 As dear as his life,  
 When drunk, he lov'd for to parley.

## III.

This cobbler, they say,  
 Being drunk on a day,  
 His wife she did murmur and chat;  
 'This cobbler they say,  
 Did thrash her that day,  
 And cry'd, What a pox wad ye be at?

## IV.

He had a magpye  
 That was very fly,  
 And us'd for to murmur and chat;  
 Who soon got the tone,  
 Before it was long,  
 Of, What a pox wad ye be at?

## V.

And this magpye,  
 Who was so very fly,  
 He into a meeting-house gat;  
 And as the old parson  
 Was canting his lesson,  
 Cry'd, What a pox wad ye be at?

## VI.

The parson surpris'd,  
 Did lift up his eyes :  
 Now help us, pray, Father, in need :  
 For Satan, I fear,  
 Does visit us here :  
 So help us, pray, Father, with speed.

## VII.

The parson again  
 Began to explain  
 To those around him that sat ;  
 But Maggie indeed  
 Flew over his head,  
 And cry'd, What a pox wad ye be at !

## VIII.

Then the parson did skip,  
 Five yards at a leap,  
 From his pulpit quite down to the floor ;  
 And left every faint,  
 Quite ready to faint,  
 Leaping out of the meeting-house door.

## IX.

Then some without hats,  
 And some without hoods,  
 Then out of the meeting-house gat :  
 And Maggie happ'd after,  
 Which caused much laughter,  
 Crying, What a pox wad ye be at !

## X.

Then a sanctify'd soul,  
 Who thought to controul,  
 Look'd Maggie quite full in the face,  
 Said, Satan, How dare  
 You thus to appear  
 In this our sanctify'd place ?

## XI.

But Maggie he pranc'd,  
 He skipp'd and he danc'd,  
 And out of the meeting-house gat,

And all the way long,  
 He kept up his song,  
 Of, What a pox wad ye be at !

*A good Excuse for Drinking.*

**U**PBRAID me not, capricious fair,  
 With drinking to excess ;  
 I should not want to drown despair,  
 Were your indifference less.  
 Love me, my dear, and you shall find,  
 When this excuse is gone,  
 That all my bliss, when *Chloe's* kind,  
 Is fix'd on her alone.  
 The god of wine the victory  
 To beauty yields with joy ;  
 For *Bacchus* only drinks like me,  
 When *Ariadne's* coy.

MASON'S SONG.

*Tune, Leave off your foolish prattling.*

I.

**W**E have no idle prattling,  
 Of either *Whig* or *Tory* ;  
 But each agrees  
 To live at ease,  
 And sing, or tell a story.

CHORUS.

*Fill to him, to the brim ;  
 Let it round the table roll ;  
 The divine tells you, wine  
 Cheers the body and the soul.*

II.

We will be men of pleasure,  
 Despising pride or party ;  
 Whilst knaves and fools  
 Prescribe us rules,  
 We are sincere and hearty.  
*Fill to him, &c.*

## III.

If any are so foolish,  
 To whine for courtiers favour,  
     We'll bind him o'er  
     To drink no more  
 Till he has a better favour.  
*Fill to him, &c.*

## IV.

If an accepted mason  
 Should talk of high or low church,  
     We'll set him down,  
     A shallow crown,  
 And understanding no church.  
*Fill to him, &c.*

## V.

The world is all in darkness;  
 About us they conjecture;  
     But little think  
     A song in drink  
 Succeeds the mason's lecture.  
*Fill to him, &c.*

## VI.

Then, landlord, bring a hoghead,  
 And in the corner place it;  
     'Till it rebound  
     With hollow sound  
 Each mason here shall face it.  
*Fill to him, &c.*

---

*The frugal Maid.*

## I.

**I** Am a poor maiden forsaken,  
     Yet I bear a contented mind;  
 I am a poor maiden forsaken,  
     Yet I'll find another more kind:  
 For altho' I be forsaken,  
     Yet this I would have you to know,  
 I ne'er was so ill provided,  
     But I'd two or three firings to my bow.





The sparkling diamond they transcend,  
Or stars which gem the skies.

## III.

A rising blush of heavenly dye  
O'er her fair cheek still glows;  
Her shining locks in ringlets lie,  
Well shap'd and siz'd her nose;  
Her smiling lips are lovely red,  
Like roses newly blown;  
Her iv'ry teeth (for most part hid)  
You'd wish for ever shown.

## IV.

Her snowy neck and breasts like glass,  
Or polish'd marble smooth,  
That nymph in beauty far surpass  
Who fir'd the *Trojan* youth;  
Her slender waist, white arm and hand,  
Just symmetry does grace:  
What's hid from these (if you demand)  
Let lively fancy trace.

## V.

A sprightly and angelic mind  
Reigns in this comely frame,  
With decent ease acts unconfin'd,  
Inspires the whole like flame:  
Minerva or Diana's state,  
With Venus' softness join'd,  
Proclaim her goddess, meant by fate,  
Love's rightful queen design'd.

## VI.

Good gods! what raptures fire my soul!  
How flutters my fond heart!  
When tender glances art controul,  
And love suppress'd impart.  
Propitious pow'rs, make Celia mine,  
Complete my dawning bliss;  
At monarch's pomp I'll not repine,  
Nor grudge their happiness.

*The new Light.*

## I.

**C**ELIA, now my heart hath broke  
 The bond of your ungentle yoke,  
 Dissolv'd the fetter of that chain  
 By which I strove to long in vain:  
 May I be slighted if I e'er  
 Am caught again within your snare,  
*Am caught, &c.*

## II.

In vain you spread your treach'rous net,  
 In vain your wily snares are set;  
 The bird can now your arts elpy,  
 And arm'd with caution from them fly:  
 Some headless swain your prey may be,  
 But faith, you're too well known to me,  
*But faith, &c.*

## III.

I with contempt can now despise  
 The treach'rous follies of your eyes,  
 And with contempt can sit and hear  
 You prattle nonsense half a year,  
 And go away as little mov'd  
 As you were lately when I lov'd,  
*As you were, &c.*

## IV.

I wonder what the plague it was  
 Made me such a stupid ass,  
 To fancy such a noble grace  
 In your language, mein and face,  
 Where now I nothing more can find  
 Than what I see in all your kind.  
*Than what, &c.*

## V.

Thus when the drowsy god of sleep,  
 Upon our wearied fancies creep,  
 Some headless piece of image rise,  
 By fancies form'd delude our eyes:

But soon as e'er the god of day  
Appears, they faint and die away,  
*Appears, they, &c.*

---

*The Fickle fix'd.*

I.

**M**Y love was fickle once and changing,  
Nor e'er would settle in my heart;  
From beauty still to beauty ranging,  
In ev'ry place I found a dart.

II.

'Twas first a charming shape enslav'd me,  
An eye that gave the fatal stroke,  
Till by her wit *Corinna* sav'd me,  
And all my former fetters broke.

III.

But now a long and lasting anguish  
For *Belvidera* I endure,  
Hourly I sigh, and hourly languish:  
Nor hope to find the wonted cure.

IV.

Nor here the false unconstant lover,  
After a thousand beauties thrown,  
Does new surprising charms discover,  
And finds variety in one.

END OF VOLUME SECOND.



# EXPLANATION

OF THE

## SCOTS WORDS.

**A**' *all*  
*Abeit, albeit.*  
*Aboon, above.*  
*Ae, one.*  
*Aff, off.*  
*Aften, often.*  
*Aik, oak.*  
*Ain, own.*  
*Aith, oath.*  
*Air, early.*  
*Ajee, aside.*  
*Alane, alone.*  
*Amaist, almost.*  
*Ambry, cupboard.*  
*Ane, one.*  
*Anisher, another.*  
*Awa, away.*  
*Auld, old.*  
*Ayont, beyond.*

**B.**

**B** *A', ball.*  
*Baith, both.*  
*Bane, bone.*

VOL. II.

*Bannocks, oat bread.*  
*Baps, roll bread.*  
*Bawm, balm.*  
*Bauk, baulk.*  
*Bedrais, beads.*  
*Beet, to help or repair.*  
*Bend, to drink.*  
*Bennison, blessing.*  
*Bent, the open fields.*  
*Bewith, somewhat in the  
mean time.*  
*Birks, birch.*  
*Bigg, build.*  
*Billy, brother.*  
*Bindging, backing, bend-  
ing.*  
*Blate, bashful.*  
*Blaw, blow.*  
*Bleeze, blaze.*  
*Blink, glance of the eye.*  
*Bluer, blunder.*  
*Bode, predict.*  
*Bodin, forel.*  
*Bot or But, without.*

U 3

## EXPLANATION OF

|                                        |                                              |
|----------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------|
| Bougils, <i>sounding horns.</i>        | Clat, <i>a rake.</i>                         |
| Bountith, <i>a gratuity.</i>           | Clathrs, <i>cloaths.</i>                     |
| Bowt, <i>bolt</i>                      | Clathes, <i>tittle tattle.</i>               |
| Brachen, <i>a sort of broth.</i>       | Clock, <i>a beetle.</i>                      |
| Brae, <i>rising ground.</i>            | Cockernony, <i>the hair bound up.</i>        |
| Brankit, <i>prim'd up.</i>             | Cod, <i>a pillow.</i>                        |
| Braid, <i>broad.</i>                   | Coft, <i>bought.</i>                         |
| Brander, <i>a gridiron.</i>            | Cogg, <i>a wooden dish.</i>                  |
| Braw, <i>finely drest.</i>             | Coof, <i>a blockhead.</i>                    |
| Broach, <i>a buckle.</i>               | Coots, <i>joint of the ankle.</i>            |
| Brack, <i>broken parts, or refuse.</i> | Courchea or Curtchea, <i>a handkerchief.</i> |
| Brow, <i>the forehead.</i>             | Crack, <i>t. boast.</i>                      |
| Bruik, <i>to love or enjoy.</i>        | Creel, <i>basket or hamper.</i>              |
| Bught, <i>sheep fold.</i>              | Crocks, <i>lean sheep.</i>                   |
| Burnist, <i>poished.</i>               | Croft, <i>corn-land.</i>                     |
| Burn, <i>a rivulet.</i>                | Crouse, <i>brisk, bold.</i>                  |
| Busk, <i>to deck.</i>                  | Crowdy-mowdy, <i>a sort of gruel.</i>        |
| But and Ben, <i>be out and be in.</i>  | Crummy, <i>a Cow's name.</i>                 |
| Byer, <i>a cow-house.</i>              | Cunzie, <i>coin.</i>                         |

### C.

**C**A', *call.*  
 Cudgie, *cheerful.*  
 Call, *calf, Id. chaff.*  
 Canna, *cannot.*  
 Canker'd, *angry.*  
 Canny, *cautious, lucky.*  
 Carlings, *old women. Id. boild pease.*  
 Cauld, *cold.*  
 Cauler, *cool fresh.*  
 Cawk, *chack*  
 Clog, *failing or imperfection.*

### D.

**D**AFFIN, *folly, wantonness.*  
 Daft, *mad fool. sb.*  
 Dawt, *for die. caress.*  
 Dight, *to wipe.*  
 Dinna, *do not.*  
 Ding, *beat.*  
 Dool, *trouble.*  
 Defend, *frozen, cold.*

## THE SCOTS WORDS.

Dorty, *haughty.*  
 Dow, *can. Id. dove.*  
 Downa, *cannot.*  
 Dowf, *spiritless.*  
 Doughna, *could not.*  
 Lowy, *wearry, lonely.*  
 Brant, *to speak slow.*  
 Dramock, *cold cruel.*  
 Dap, *drop.*  
 Dwining, *decaying.*  
 Danting, *beating.*  
 Dalce and tangle, *sea-plants.*  
 Durk, *a dagger.*

E.

**E** A R D, *earth.*  
 Een, *eyes.*  
 Eld, *age.*  
 Eith, *easy.*  
 Elding, *fewel.*  
 Eem, *cousin.*  
 Eie, *aim*  
 Eydent, *diligent.*

F.

**F** A', *fall.*  
 Fadge, *a coarse sort of roll bread.*  
 Far, *foe.*  
 Fand, *found*  
 Fangle, Newfangle, *fond of what's new.*  
 Farles, *thin oat-cakes.*  
 Fash, *trouble.*  
 Fause, *false.*

Faut, *fault.*  
 Fee, *wages.*  
 Feirs, *brothers.*  
 Fendy, *active, industrious.*  
 Fenzie, *fain.*  
 Ferley, *wonder.*  
 Fey, *attended by a fatality.*  
 Flee, *Fly*  
 Flouks, *flounders.*  
 Flyte, *to speed.*  
 Fog, *moss.*  
 Fore, *to the fore, in being or lasting.*  
 Fouth, *plenty*  
 Frae, *from.*  
 Fraing, *babbling with a foolish wonder.*  
 Fou, or fu', *full.*

G.

**G** A B, *the mouth.*  
 Gabocks, *large mouthfuls.*  
 Gab-rlu-zie, *a wallet that hangs on the side or loin*  
 Gae, gave *Id. go.*  
 Gane, *gone.*  
 Gar, *make or cause.*  
 Gawfy, *jolly, large*  
 Gate, *way.*  
 Gawn, *gong.*  
 Gawd, *gall'd. Id. goad.*  
 Gawky, *empty, foolish.*

## EXPLANATION OF

Gawnt, to yawn  
 Geck, to float and jeer.  
 Genty, small and neat.  
 Gin and gif, if.  
 Glaive, a sword.  
 Glaikit, idle and rom-  
     pish  
 Glee, joy.  
 Glead, squinting.  
 Gleen, a hollow between  
     hills.  
 Gloyd, an old horse.  
 Glowr, to flare.  
 Gowk, the cuckow. Id.  
     a fool.

Gowping, handful.  
 Graip, to grope. Id. a  
     trident fork for dung.  
 Graith, accoutrements.  
 Grots, skim'd oats.  
 Gutcher, grand father.

### H

**H** A', hall  
     Hac, have.  
 Hat, half  
 Hagies, a baird pud-  
     ding made of a sheep's  
     pluck mix'd with  
     sewet.  
 Haiucket, light headed,  
     whimsical.

Hale, whole.  
 Haly, holy.  
 Hame, home.

Hames and brechoms,  
     wore about the neck of  
     a cart-horse.  
 Hawse, embrace.  
 Heese, to lift.  
 Hecht, promised.  
 Heugh, any steep place.  
 Hoddle, to waddle in  
     walking.  
 Hoden, coarse cloth.  
 Hows, hollows.  
 Howms, valleys on river  
     sides.

### I.

**J** EE, to jee back and  
     again, the motion of  
     a balance.  
 Ill-far'd, ill favoured or  
     ugly.  
 Ika, each.  
 Ika, every,  
 Ingle, fire.  
 Jo, sweet-heart.  
 Jouk, to bow.  
 Irk, weary or tired.  
 Irie, afraid of ghosts.  
 Ithogles, Icicles.  
 Ise, I shall.  
 Ither, o. her.

### K.

**K** AIRN, or Cairn,  
     heaps of monumen-  
     tal stones.



## THE SCOTS WORDS.

Kail, colts-warts. *Id.* broth  
 Kame, comb  
 Kebuck, a chafe  
 Keek, peep.  
 Ken, know  
 Kapp, to catch.  
 Kiked, tucked up.  
 Kinn, churn  
 Kimmer, a she gossip  
 Kirdle, upper petticoat  
 Kurchie, handkerchief

### L.

**L**AC, to fall behind  
 Lough, low.  
 Lue, own self  
 Laith, 10th.  
 Lapper'd, curdled  
 Law, low  
 Lawty justice  
 Lave, the rest  
 Lee, fallow ground.  
 Leefome, lovely  
 Leeze me, a phrase used  
     when one loves or is  
     pleased with a person  
 Leil, exact  
 Leugh, laughed  
 Lib, to geld  
 Lilt, a tune  
 Linkan, to move quickly  
 Loor, rather  
 Loos, loves  
 Loun, a fly wench  
 Lout, to brow  
 Lowan, flaming

Lown, calm  
 Lucken, gathered together or else joined to one another  
 Lyart, hoary, or grey

### M.

**M**AIK, a mate  
 Mair, more  
 Maan, most  
 Makna it matters not  
 Mane, moon  
 March, limits or border of grounds  
 Marrow, match  
 Mann, must  
 Mawking, a hare  
 Mavis, the thrush  
 Maikle or Muckle, much  
 Mife, move  
 Mends, revenge  
 Menfe, manners. *Id.* to decorate  
 Menzie, a company or retinue  
 Mife, a search for milk  
 Mint, attempt  
 Minny, mother  
 Mirk, dark  
 Mons-meg, a very large iron cannon in the castle of Edinburgh, capable of holding two people  
 Mou, mouth

## EXPLANATION OF

Moup, to eat as want-  
ing teeth

Mouter, the miller's toll

Muck, dung

Murches, men quiffs or  
beards

### N.

**N**A' and Nae, no,  
none

Name, none

Nees, nose

Neist, next

Nither, starve or pinch

Nowther, neither

### O.

**O**E, grand child  
O'y, any

Owily, a cravat

Owsen, oxen

Oxter, arm-pit

### P

**P**ANTREY, a but-  
tery

Partans, crab fish

Pat, put

Pawky, cunning

Paunches, tripe

Peat pot, peat coal pit

Pibroch, a high and tune

Pickle, a small share

Pig, earthen pot

Pillar, stool of repen-  
tance

Pine, pain

Pith, strength

Plei, to fold. Id. twist

Poetical, poverty

Pou, or Pu, well

Powfowdy, ram head  
soup

Prig, haggle

Prive, to prove, or taste

### R.

**R**AIR, roar

Rashes, rushes

Red up, put in order

Renzie, rein

Rever, robber

Riffarts, radishes

Rife, plenty

Riggs, ridges

Row, row

Routh, wealth

Rude, cross

Ruikled, wrinkled

Rung, a rub

Ruse or roose, to praise

### S.

**S**AE, so

Safe, soft

Sair, sore

Sawt, salt

Seim, appearance

Sell, self

Sey, try

Shanna, shall not

## THE SCOTS WORDS.

Shangy-mouth'd or she-  
vilgabbit, *the mouth*  
*much to one side*

Sharn, *cow-dung*

Shaw, *show*, *Id. a woody*  
*bank*

Shoo, *a shoe*

Shoon, *shoes*

Shore, *to threaten*

Shire, *thin*

A shine lick, *a smart*  
*fellow*

Sic, or sick, *such*

Sicar, *such an one*

Sin or syne, *such*

Sindle, *seldom*

Sinsyne, *since that time*

Skair, *share*

Skaith, *harm, loss*

Skink, *long soup*

Sma', *small*

Snack, *smart*

Snaw, *snow*

Sneist, *to snare*

Snishing, *snuff*

Snood, *a head band*

Snug, *convenient, neat*

Sodden, *boiled*

Sonfy, *fortunate, jolly*

Sowens, *a kind of sower-*  
*ed gruel, boiled like paste*

Sourm, *of sheep* 20

Spake, *speke*

Speer, *to ask*

Spelding, *dried white fish*

Stane, *stone*

Starns, *stars*

Steck, *stout*

Stend, *stalk hastily*

Stirk, *a young bullock*

Stoup, *a prop*

Strae, *straw*

Streek, *stretch*

Stenzie, *to slain*

Swats, *small ale*

Sweet, *unwilling, lazy*

Swither, *in doubt*

Seybaws, *young onions*

Syne, *then*

### T.

**T**AE, *tee*

Tald, *told*

Taiken, *token*

Tane, *taken*, *Id. the one*

Tap, *top*

Taulk, *talk*

Thae, *those*

Tent, *notice*

Theyse, *they shall*

Thole, *to suffer*

Thowless, *spiritless*

Thud, *noise of a stroke*

Tine, *lose*

Tint, *lost*

Titter, *rather*

Tocher, *dowry*

Tooly, *fight, contend*

Tod'en, *a rolling short*  
*step*

Touze, *to ruffle*

Trig, *neat*

# EXPLANATION, &c.

Trow, *believe*  
Trifle, *appointment*  
Twin, *to part from*

W.

**W**AD, *would*  
Wae, *wo*  
Wale, *to choose, the choice*  
Wean, *child*  
Wallowit, *faded or withered*  
Wan, *pale, Id won*  
Wallop, *gallop*  
Wame, *womb, belly*  
Ware, *bestow*  
War, *worse*  
Wat, *know*  
Waws, *walls*  
Wauk, *wake, Id. wake*  
Wakerise, *not inclined to sleep*  
Wear in, *hem in*  
Wee, *little*  
Weind, *thought*  
Weirs, *wars*  
Wha, *who*  
Whang, *a large cut*

Whatrecks, *what matters it*  
Whilk, *which*  
Whinging, *whining*  
Whisht, *hold your peace*  
Whillywha, *a cheat, or bite*  
Wilks, *periwinkles*  
Win, *or won, dwell*  
Winna, *wid not*  
Winsome, *handsome*  
Wist, *know*  
Withershins, *to move contrary*  
Woe, *wool*  
Wood, *mad*  
Woody, *a withy*  
Wow! *wonderful! Id ah!*  
Wylie, *cunning*  
Wyson, *the guilt*  
Wyte, *to blame*  
Unco, *very strange*

Y.

**Y**AD, *a mare*  
Yese, *ye shall*  
Yain, *desire*  
Yeltreen, *yefernights*

F I N I S.





